SPECIAL SUMMER ISSUE OF MAD

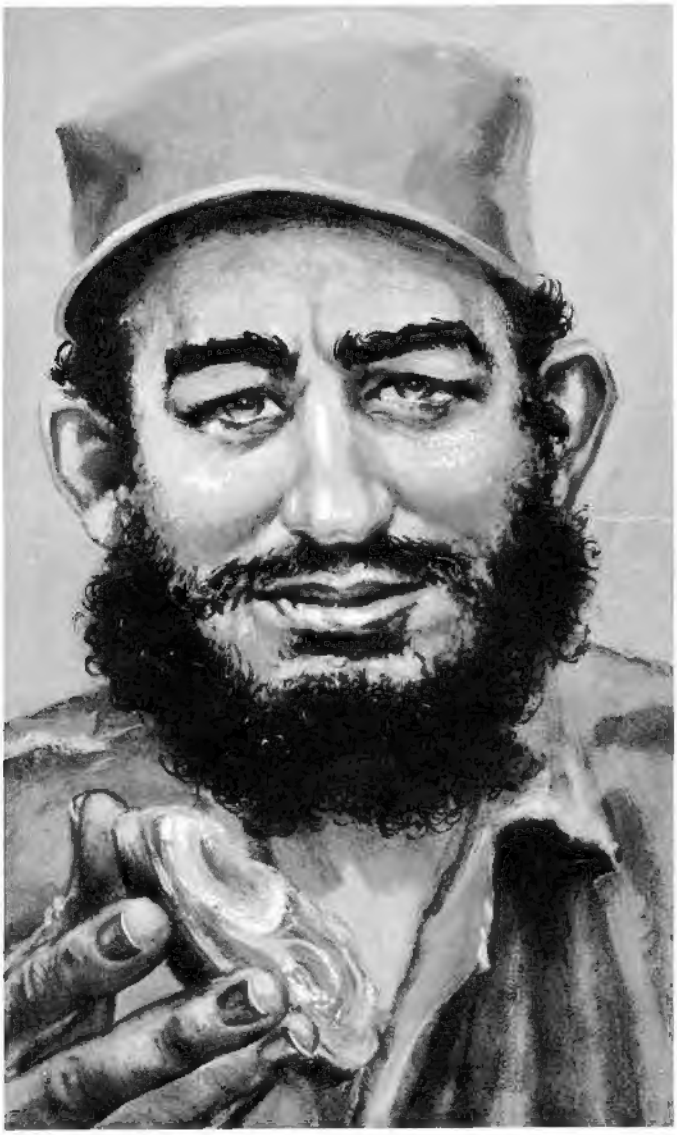
Sept. '60
No. 57

OUR PRICE
25c
CHEAP

USE IT AS A FLY SWATTER!

FOLD HERE, WAIT FOR FLY, AND START SWATTING

A PAID TESTIMONIAL FROM FIDEL CASTRO FOR STIKKY PEANUT BUTTER



How did we get Fidel Castro to appear in our ad? Easy! WE PAID FOR IT!

A few weeks ago, we sent a whole crew of advertising people down to Cuba to visit Mr. Castro, in order to solicit a testimonial from him about Stikky. He answered by launching into a six-and-a-half hour TV speech, denouncing the evils of U.S. Imperialism, money, and Madison Avenue advertising. But as we were re-packing the suitcase of American twenty dollar bills we had planned to give him, he stopped us!

"I hate to see you Gringos make this whole trip for nothing!" he grinned, unbuckling his money-belt.

Naturally, our boys lost no time in lathering up a slice of bread with a generous portion of delicious Stikky, and Castro raised it to his mouth.

Unfortunately, he couldn't find it, and our delicious peanut butter got all over his beard, and it was one gooey mess, and he could hardly speak, and he got furious, and he started screaming and yelling and rolling on the floor, and patches of his beard stuck fast to it and were torn out of his face, and it was just awful!

So that's how we got this ad. We paid for it. *Boy,* we paid for it! *A whole advertising crew . . . shot at sunrise!*

if you like living, don't serve Stikky to bearded Cubans

NUMBER 57 SEPTEMBER 1960

MAD

"Behind almost every successful man is a woman who doesn't have a thing to wear!"

Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein

ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **IDEAS:** Jerome A. De Fuccio
PRODUCTION: Leonard Brenner **LAWSUITS:** Martin J. Scheiman, Esq.

INCOME TAX EVASION: Sidney Gwirtzman, C. P. A.
SUBSCRIPTIONS: Gloria Orlando, Celia Morelli
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:
The Usual Gang of Idiots

DEPARTMENTS

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Good Humor Truck 8
COMIC RELIEF DEPARTMENT
If Magazines Carried Comic Strips 14
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
The Fortune Teller 11
At The Clothiers 26
At A Masquerade 40
The Moving Men 48
FIN AND HAD-IT DEPARTMENT
Fishing 19
GANG-GREEN DEPARTMENT
MAD Goes To A Gangster Movie Preview 27
HARD SELL-OUT DEPARTMENT
Madison Avenue's Surplus Sale 4
HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT
More "Scenes We'd Like To See" 18
LANKY-PANKY DEPARTMENT
Tall Tales 38
LETTERS DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2
MARGINAL MARVIN DEPARTMENT
More "MAD Y'OX" . . . . . **
SICK, SICK SLICK DEPARTMENT
Beatnik Magazine 41
SOUNDS OF OUR CRIMES DEPARTMENT
Documentary Records 12
STRETCHING THE TRUTH DEPARTMENT
Reproportioning Photographs 34
TELEVISION DEPARTMENT
More "TV Ads We'd Like To See" 47
WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME DEPARTMENT
MAD's "Pure Products Law" 31

**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD — September 1960, Vol. 1, Number 57, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, 9 issues for $2.00 in the U.S. Elsewhere, $2.50. Entire contents copyright 1960 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

MADISON AVENUE'S SURPLUS SALE . . 4

The agencies are selling off TV ad props because they've reformed, they've turned honest, and mainly the public is wise to 'em.

THE GOOD HUMOR TRUCK 8

This fiendish contraption was invented by a Russian scientist named Pavlov—who discovered it while fooling around with dogs.

IF MAGAZINES CARRIED COMICS 14

The slicks could increase their circulation by carrying comics, but such a move might also increase their already comic look.

FISHING 19

Here are **MAD's** ideas on a popular outdoor sport where a jerk at one end of a line waits all day for a jerk at the other.

MAD GOES TO A GANGSTER MOVIE . 27

MAD looks at the rash of recent movies glorifying gangsters, and glorifies the biggest gangsters of all—the movie producers.

MAD'S "PURE PRODUCTS LAW" 31

Just as the *Pure Food & Drug Law* keeps folks from being poisoned, we need a new law designed to keep folks from being burned.

REPROPORTIONING PHOTOGRAPHS . 34

After you learn how Mad. Ave. stretches photos to use in ads, you may want to go stretch a few yourself . . . necks, that is!

BEATNIK MAGAZINE 41

Here's **MAD's** version of a magazine written by and published especially for Beats. Why anybody takes them seriously, "Beats" us.

HONOR
THE HEAD OF THE MAD FAMILY

(AND INFURIATE THE HEAD OF YOUR OWN FAMILY)

with a

BISQUE CHINA BUST OF
ALFRED E. NEUMAN

--------(use coupon or duplicate)--------

MAD BUST
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK CITY 12, N. Y.

I want to honor the head of the MAD family, so rush my bust(s) of Alfred E. Neuman, even though I know that, when it arrives, it will probably bring things to a head in my family.

I ENCLOSE $_____FOR:

☐ 5½" Bust(s) at $2.00 each

☐ 3¾" Bust(s) at $1.00 each

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ZONE____STATE_____

MAD PROVIDES RELIEF

Just a line to tell you that MAD provides me with enjoyment and relief from mad(dening) school work. I personally would like to see more satires on our social, moral, and political mores.

John J. Fried
University of Mich.
Ann Arbor

P.S. Who is the gal "on pins and needles" in "Literal Translations"?

Let's get back to those satires on social, moral, and political mores!—Ed.

SPACE MEDICINE

Earlier this year, I had the good fortune to attend classes at the *School of Aviation Medicine* at the *Aero-Space Center* in Texas. Imagine my surprise when one of the top ophthalmologist in the country illustrated his lecture on "The effects of altitude upon the anatomy and the function of the human eye" with a full-size color slide of Alfred E. Neuman!

Kenneth M. Butland, Jr.
Lebanon, Illinois

We always said Alfie was "out of this world"!—Ed.

MAD BUST

I always had the sneaking suspicion that Alfred E. Neuman's head was empty, and now that I've removed the felt base from my bisque china bust, I'm positive.

Tom Stephens
Quebec, Canada

Sorry! We had to cut down the overhead! —Ed.

MAD PSYCHOLOGIST

Hail to thee, Blithe Spirit! I believe in Alfred E. Neuman. I think he would be the right President for this "mad" world. It takes the "mad" to understand MAD—Believe me!

Margaret Aikins Seaver
Psychologist
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Good luck with your patients!—Ed.

MAD AUSTRALIANS

You can rest assured that there are plenty of MAD-addicts down-under in Australia. It's very heartening to know that Americans are nearly as "mad" as us. But kidding aside, even though it's the worst vice known to man, MAD gives me and many others great pleasure. And ten million Australians can't be wrong!

Andrew Osborne
Melbourne, Australia

Oh, can't they! So how come they all walk around upside down?—Ed.

DEVOTED CLASS

Our art teacher is a devoted MAD fan. Also, most of our class members read MAD. No need to tell you that our class is in the lower quarter of the school.

Doug Larime
Fairfield, Conn.

That's great! You don't have to walk the stairs!—Ed.

SURE-FIRE HUMOR

I understand that some people don't think your magazine is very funny. Well, I threw a pile of MAD's into the incinerator recently, and the fire roared!

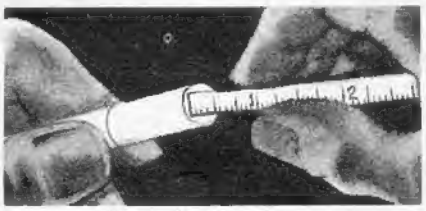
Alan Witkin
Wheaton, Md.

That's what some other people think—that MAD makes an ash of itself!—Ed.

CIGARETTE GEOGRAPHY

I will concede that Bob Clarke knows his cigarette geography, but I strongly feel that he should refrain from confusing our youth. The first inch of the ruler used to demonstrate the ¼ inch recessed filter was divided into thirds, not fourths, which is, I think, customary.

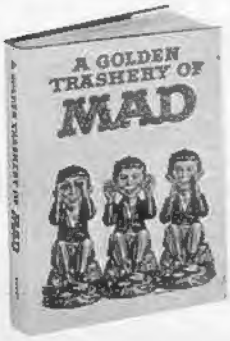
Paul L. Althouse
Mount Hermon, Mass.



¼ Inch Missing

MAD is now offering Mr. Clarke's sneaky ruler, with the first quarter inch missing, to manufacturers of cigarettes with regular filters—so they can show their filters are recessed ¼ inch, too!—Ed.

****



WE'VE GONE DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME

. . . down to the archives, that is, for the best material from past issues — to make up this new, de luxe anthology. **THE GOLDEN TRASHERY OF MAD** joins **MAD FOR KEEPS** and **MAD FOREVER** to bring you 136 pages of humor, satire and garbage, many in vivid color—plus a forward by Sid Caesar. Get into the swim! Order a copy! After you read it, you'll probably tell us to go drown ourselves!

MAD ANTHOLOGY DEPARTMENT
225 Lafayette Street New York 12, N. Y.

I enclose **$2.95** each. Please send the anthologies checked below . . .

☐ THE GOLDEN TRASHERY OF MAD

☐ MAD FOR KEEPS ☐ MAD FOREVER

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ZONE____STATE_____

BEAUTY CONTEST WINNER

In "Pictures The Editors Left Out", you contradict yourselves. It clearly states that Mary Lou Va Voom won the "Miss Entire Solar System" contest, yet the picture shows her wearing a "Miss America" banner. Did some MAD nincompoop fall asleep?

Tom Hillman
Ralston, Nebr.

Wrong Banner

That's not a "Miss America" banner. That's an "S.S. America" banner. Beside winning her title, she also won a free cruise!—Ed.

4-Fingered Right Hand

5-Fingered Right Hand

I somehow feel that if Mary Lou hadn't won the beauty contest, she would have won another type of contest—for having the ability to grow fingers. I am referring to the picture taken at 11:04, where she has only four fingers on her right hand, and the one taken at 4:16, where she has five fingers. I am sure that there are many girls who would like to know the art of growing certain parts of their bodies, so how about disclosing this cute little trick?

Joel Weiss
Van Nuys, Calif.

Why? What part are you missing?—Ed.

GOLDBRICK & GOLDBRICK

Who are you guys trying to kid by thinking up "Goldbrick & Goldbrick" products to make people look sick? You make them really sick just by publishing the magazine!

Ronnie Lang
Bayside, N.Y.

SEVEN WONDERS

After reading your June issue, where it stated that "Son of MAD" was the Seventh Wonder of the World, I was sitting in History and the teacher asked the class what were the Seven Wonders of the World. I yelled out "Son of MAD", and was thrown out of the room. What comes off!

Ken Neubauer
Arlington, Va.

About 20 points—from your average!—Ed.

FRACTURED FRENCH

I always knew you guys were for the birds in spelling, but this is the end! In "Popular Politician", De Gaulle's salutation is incorrect. Don't you clods know that after "ma," the feminine form of the adjective "cheri" is used, namely "cherie"?

James Herland
New York City

Charles "Chickie" De Gaulle's line, "ma cheri" should have read "ma cherie"!

Harv Tucker
Chicago, Ill.

Don't write us! Write Mr. De Gaulle!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD Dept. 57, Room 706, 225 Lafayette Street New York City 12, New York

GOING AWAY THIS SUMMER ?

SUBSCRIBE TO MAD

...AND YOU'LL REALLY ENJOY YOUR VACATION!

(Mainly because the next issue will be mailed to your home!)

(use coupon or duplicate)

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK CITY 12, N. Y.

I enclose $2.00. Please add my name to your subscription list, and send the next 9 issues of MAD to my home. But don't expect me to read it the minute I return from vacation! I'll be miserable enough . . . as is!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____

STUPIDITY
IS OUR MOST IMPORTANT PRODUCT

. . . and you get the outstanding highlights of our stupidity in this eighth pocket-size book. "The Organization MAD" joins "The MAD Reader", "MAD Strikes Back", "Inside MAD", "Utterly MAD", "The Brothers MAD", "The Bedside MAD", and "Son of MAD" to bring you a report on the business of past issues — the monkey business!

ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
OR YOURS BY MAIL FOR 40¢
The Complete Collection — All EIGHT — For $2.60

MAD POCKET DEPARTMENT
225 Lafayette Street New York City 12, N. Y.

Even though I take no stock in your company, please send me:

☐ **THE ORGANIZATION MAD** I enclose **40¢**
☐ **COMPLETE COLLECTION** I enclose **$2.60**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

HARD SELL-OUT DEPT.

The recent Congressional investigations of malpractices in television has pressured Madison Avenue ad agencies into cleaning up their sales pitches. Little by little, dishonest, phony and faked commercials are being purged from our picture tubes. And, as a result, many advertising agencies are now stuck with an oversupply of the props they've been using in their TV ads. So MAD suggests that they do what the government does when it's faced with this problem; mainly unload this obsolete equipment by means of a gala . . .

MADISON

Assorted Surplus ISOLATION BOOTHS

ALL WITH BUILT-IN TELEPROMPTERS WHICH SUPPLIED THE ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS

CAN BE USED AS . . .

*Child's Playhouse
*Telephone Booths
*Information Booths
*Rural Bathrooms
*Stall Showers
*Seaside Cabanas

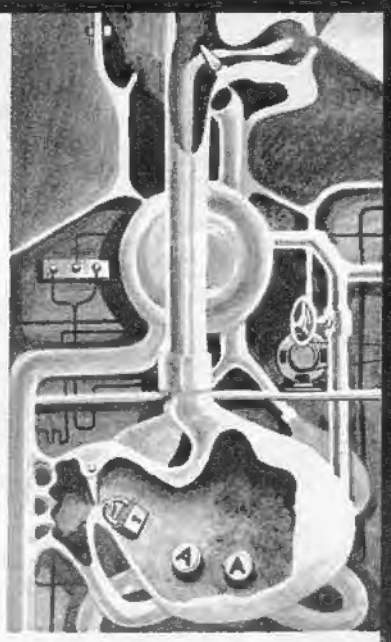
A STEAL AT $40.00 EACH

Dept. "CHEAT"

SIMULATED PLASTIC ASPIRINS

Guaranteed Not To Dissolve

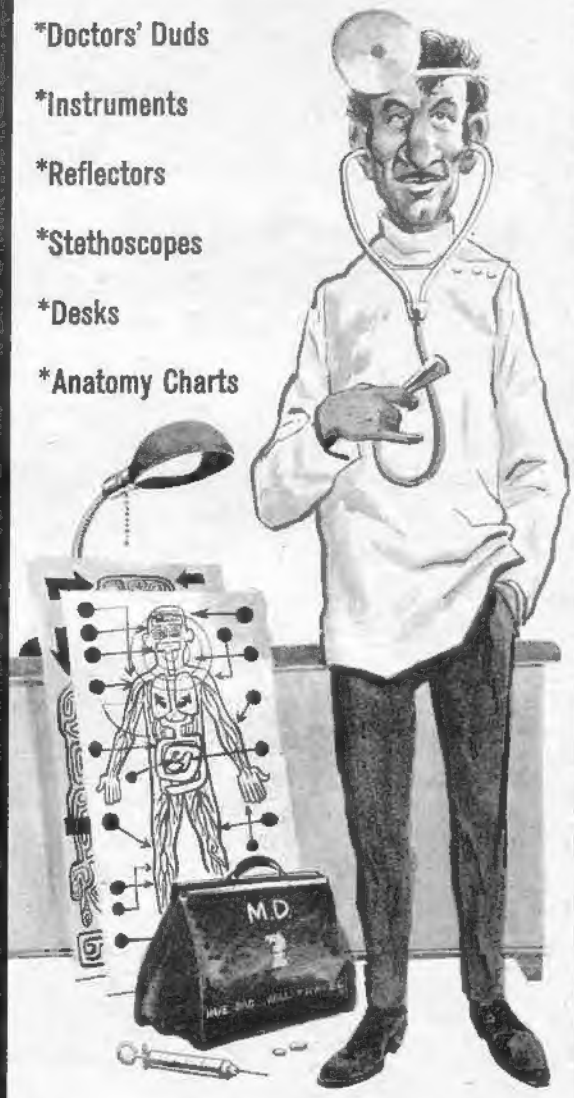
Created especially for TV demonstrations showing how much faster Bufferin gets into the bloodstream. Can be used for poker chips, play money, hockey pucks for midgets, or as they were originally used . . . as fake Aspirin tablets.



Only 50¢ per dozen! Dept. "A's"

ASSORTED MEDICAL SUPPLIES

*Doctors' Duds
*Instruments
*Reflectors
*Stethoscopes
*Desks
*Anatomy Charts



We've got a warehouse full of medical supplies used by various fake doctors to fool sick people into taking their phony advice. Recently, this practise has been frowned upon and so, in a noble effort at self-clean-up, the ad industry eliminated this lowest of all deceits. (This may not be any comfort to the folks who followed the advice and are no longer with us, but that's the way the cookie crumbles—as they say on Madison Ave.)

Write For Free Catalogue

Dept. "QUACK"

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Hi! Marginal Marvin again, with another session of "MAD Y'OX," the game that makes any clod into a gag cartoonist as long as he can make an "O" and an "X!"

All you have to do to play "MAD Y'OX" is: Think of a gag situation, then illustrate it with "O's" and "X's"... like these...

AVE. SURPLUS SALE

"Goodbye, cruel world..."

POWERFUL

Miniature Jet Engine

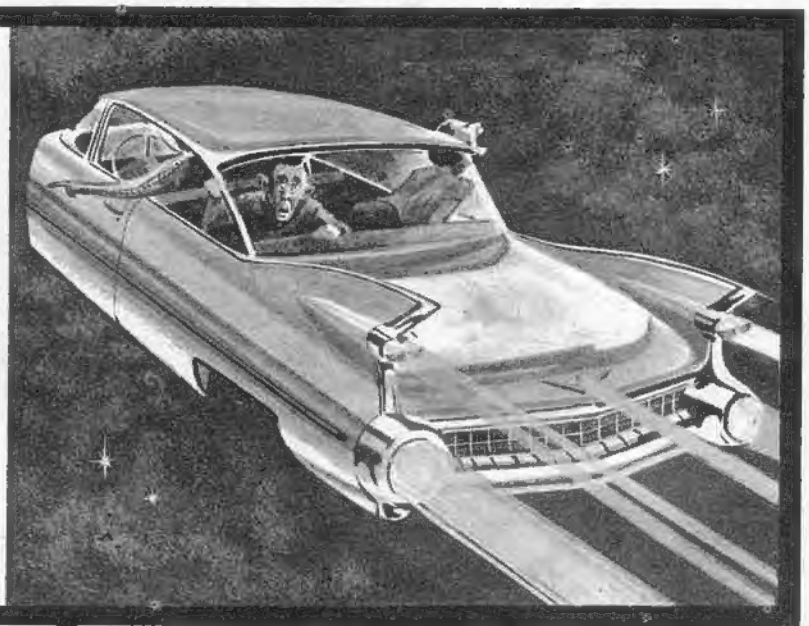
Used for many years in spectacular photos of Fishey auto bodies, full of happy passengers, sailing off into space. This engine was hidden under the auto body, expelling its jets out the tail lights, exhaust pipes, trunk keyhole, etc. Slight repairs made on engine after each flight into space, but is still a real bargain.

ONLY $500

(A fraction of original cost)

ALSO AVAILABLE... OLD FISHEY BODIES
ALSO... OLD PASSENGER (UGH) BODIES

DEPT. "Zoom"



ABSOLUTELY ALL-PROOF WATCH

Built to withstand fiercest abuse. Exhibited on TV tied to propeller of outboard motor run in a tank of water. Also shown in magazine ads fastened to keel of ocean liner. Still in excellent condition. Looks exactly like any $14.95 Tymex watch. Originally cost over $56,000, and took three expert watchmakers seven years to build (how else could it be so good, hah?).

A STEAL AT $12,000 Dept. "Still Running"

FILM! FILM! FILM!

Never Exhibited

Yes, here are 3,493,235 feet of movie film, originally shot for TV commercials, that have never been shown. Scene after scene of women who pick piles of clothes washed in Brand "X" as being much whiter than those washed in "Cheery". Plan your own theatre party at home, and show these fun films. See announcers getting tired and disgusted from going around all day trying to get the right answer. Also available: Special reels with choice dialogue . . . for smokers.

Excellent For Making Stench Bombs
(Merely roll up several feet and set afire)

DEPT. "OOPS, WRONG PILE"

WRITER: AL JAFFEE

MAGIC

LIVER BILE FLUID

Used in TV demonstrations to show how "liver bile" breaks down excess fat in your digestive tract. Fluid was poured onto fat globules jamming neck of hour-shaped jar, broke them up, and flowed through to bottom. Claim was made that product contained this "magic ingredient." Actually, if it did, not only would it break up the fat globules, but also bones, skin, teeth, hair, belt buckles and shoe leather—because this magic fluid is actually Sulphuric Acid.

SLIGHTLY USED, BUT STILL POTENT

ONLY $1.00 per qt. Dept. "HOT STUFF"

odd lot sale of BARGAINS

NOVELTIES

*Sponge Rubber Baseballs

*Balsa Wood Horseshoes

*Cardboard Artillery Shells

*Chocolate Bowling Balls

*Paper Maché Arrows

All these items were used in demonstrating how Colgrate Toothpaste with "Guard-All" protects teeth the same way that announcer was protected by plastic shield items were thrown against. Every order will receive free hammer and anvil that had been used for sound effects.

Any Item — $1.00 **All Five — $4.50** **Dept. "Shatterproof"**

EXTRA-FINE

practically invisible

W I R E

SUPER STRENGTH

Used in TV magazine and newspaper ads to show lightness of portable television sets. This wire was used to suspend those enormously heavy television sets from the ceiling so that 98-lb. models could hold them at arms-length with their pinkies. From a distance of two feet, this wire becomes invisible. Can be used to hang pictures, for trick window displays, or for tying across doorways as practical jokes, etc.

$1.00 Per Foot

Dept. String-Along

Delicious

UNSHAVED

"SANDPAPER"

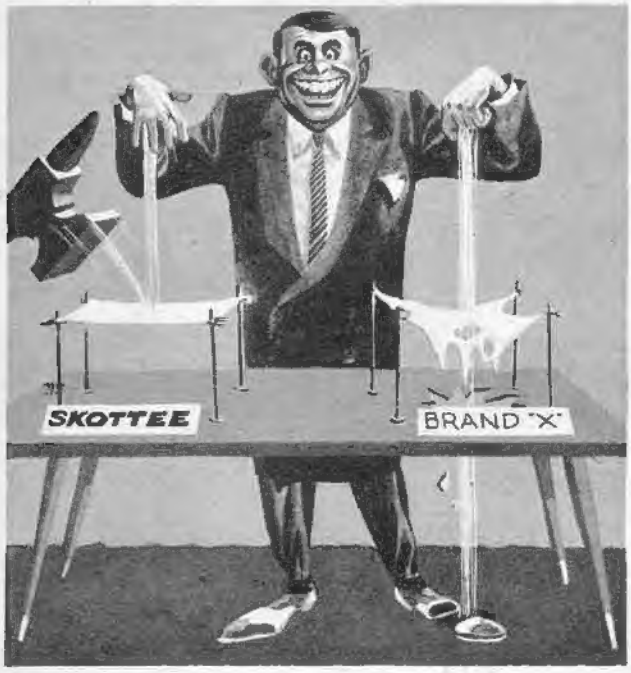
These sheets of "sandpaper" were used in TV commercials to show the effectiveness of the sponsor's shave cream. "Sandpaper" was, in reality, paper coated with tasty cracker crumbs. When scraped off, crumbs can be used in baking, or as toppings for deserts. Glue used in adhering crumbs to paper has been tested and found harmless and tasteless. The paper, however, is not recommended as being edible, except in extreme emergencies.

5 SHEETS for $1.00

DEPT. "YUM-YUM"

Lifetime Facial Tissue

GUARANTEED NON-TEARABLE



***SNEEZEPROOF** ***CRYPROOF**
***COUGHPROOF** ***BULLETPROOF**

This special tissue was made for demonstrating the fantastic "Wet Strength" of Skottees. It passed every test because in between the two layers of paper, it's got a steel mesh screen.

only $15.00

for the **LIFETIME TISSUE**

Dept. "Blowhard"

NOSE PLUGS

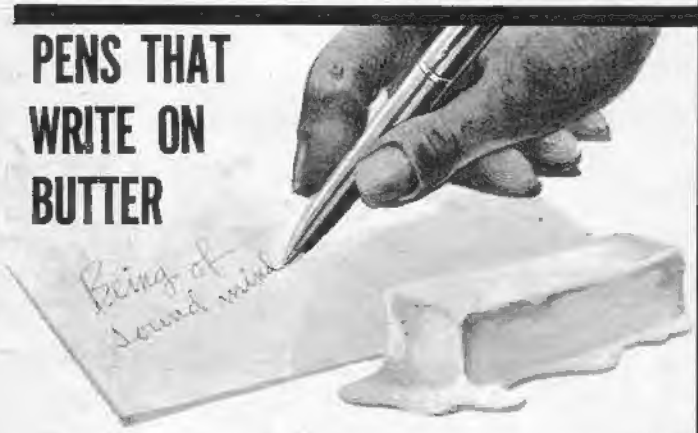
Used to test effectiveness of Drastin on "Naso-graph." Cold sufferer squirted Drastin into nostril, then breathes on highly polished surface. Invariably, Drastin side formed water vapor while other side showed nothing. Naturally, because these solid nose plugs were there. These plugs have many uses, like . . .

- to ward off offensive odors
- to stop husband's snoring
- to eliminate running nose
- to disguise telephone voice

SPECIAL—2 for 25¢

DEPT.
"BLOCKHEAD"

PENS THAT WRITE ON BUTTER



These marvelous ball point pens were made especially for TV commercials to show how they even write on paper smeared with butter. Unfortunately, they will not write on ordinary paper.

A REAL BUY FOR PEOPLE WITH LOTS OF BUTTERED PAPER . . .

only 29¢ each

(Butter—69¢ lb.)

Dept. "Skiddoo"

AMAZING TV Glare-Reducer

FITS EASILY OVER ANY SCREEN
NO SPECIAL TOOLS REQUIRED

Is your TV screen blinding you? Why fiddle with knobs? Simply place this gray-tinted plastic sheet over your TV screen and end those troubles for good. Used for commercials of TV set manufacturer who wanted to show that his set was brighter than his competitor's. Sheet merely was placed over competitor's set. Each one used only once.

ORDER NOW—$1.00 EACH

Order several and place over your screen to eliminate all bothersome TV light completely. Also bothersome shows, sponsors, commercials, EVERYTHING!!

DEPT. "BLACKOUT"

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

Some time ago, a Russian scientist named Pavlov conducted experiments in "conditioned reflexes" with dogs. Every time he fed his dogs, he rang a bell. After a while, the dogs began to salivate when he rang the bell, whether he fed them or not. Today, we live in a country where one of our greatest problems is what to do with all our surplus food. Yet, in spite of this, millions of kids are facing malnutrition because of a "Trojan Horse" in our midst which turns them all into Pavlov dogs. Mainly . . .

THE GOOD HUMOR ICE CREAM

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

"Don't ever date him, Mabel! He's all hands!"

HERE IS HOW THIS MENACE TO O

It begins with Dad, who works at a job which gives him a title on the door, a "Bigelow Rug" on the floor, and an ulcer in his stomach . . . along with enough take-home pay

. . . so Mom can go to the Supermarket and spend the day trying to pull apart those stacked shopping carts to find one with a locked wheel she can pile the family's food in.

This sound of bells turns the kids into Pavlov dogs, setting off a "conditioned reflex" that sends them screaming into their houses to cajole and beg and plead for money

. . . and draws them back outside again with quarters and dimes and nickels clutched in their tiny trembling fists, hysterically shouting their orders to the Good Humor Man.

TRUCK

UR NATIONAL HEALTH OPERATES

Then, after much tedious and careful preparation (thawing out frozen TV dinners), she is ready to call her famished brood to the table So she gives out with a shrill hollar

. . . only to be drowned out by the high-pitched sound of jangling bells . . a sound so high that only children and dogs can hear it . the sound of the Good Humor Truck!

And as the tinkling bells fade off in the distance, they proceed to gorge themselves on ice cream pops, fudgicles, twin-stick ices, and various and sundry sundaes in a cup.

The result is they return to their homes with appetites ruined . . . and their parents have to threaten and shout to force them to nibble on a little good wholesome food.

MAD'S SOLUTION TO THE GOOD HUMOR TRUCK MENACE

Parents must organize to force the Good Humor people into making certain changes in the line of products they sell.

Then, when those jangling bells sound, and kids rush into their homes for money, and back out to the Good Humor Man

. . . they will proceed to gorge themselves on lamb chop pops, steaksicles, twin-stick spinaches, peas-and carrot custard cones, and various and sundry frozen soup sundaes

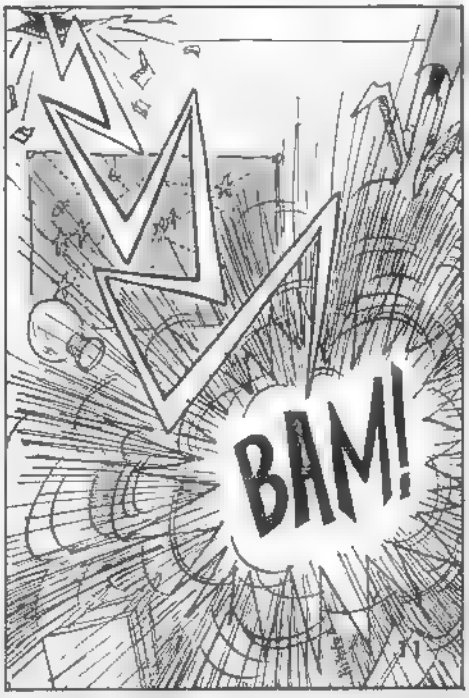
With the results that they'll return to their homes with appetites ruined . . . and parents will have to shout and threaten to force them to nibble on a little ice cream.

"On Donder . on Blitzen "

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

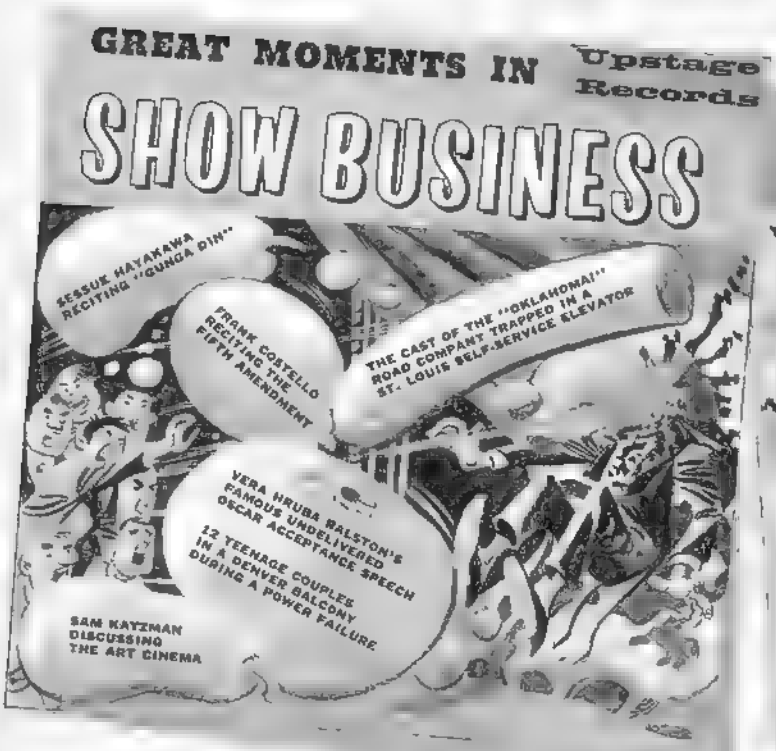
Here is an incident Don Martin observed when he was stolen from his play pen by a band of gypsies. Fortunately for us, the gypsies returned Don, and took the play pen. Or else we'd never have seen

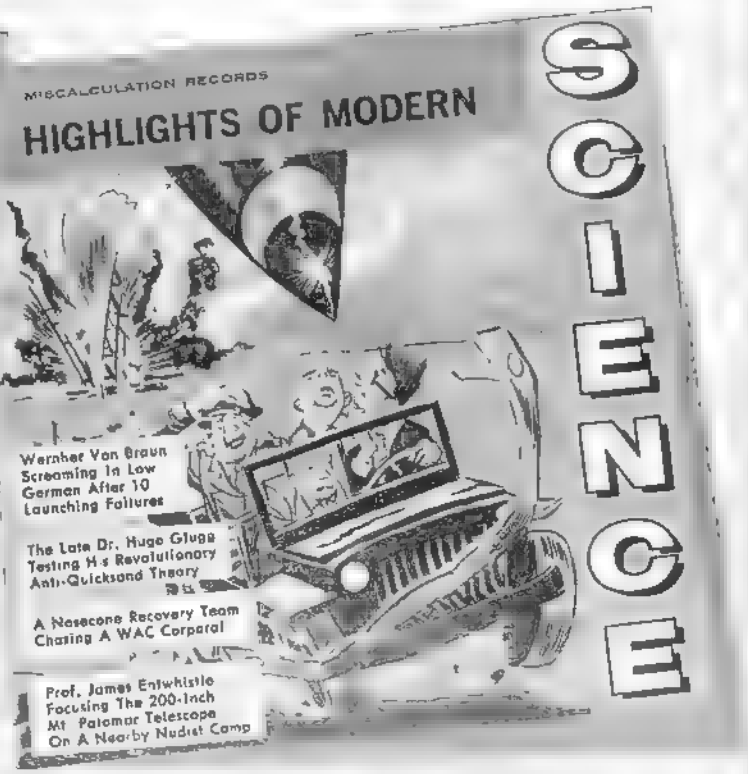
THE FORTUNE TELLER



A few years ago, about all that you heard on LP records was music. Today, among hundreds of new non-musical LP records, you can hear the honest-to-goodness voices and sounds of real people and real events. These special records are known as "Documentary Records,"

DOCUMENTA



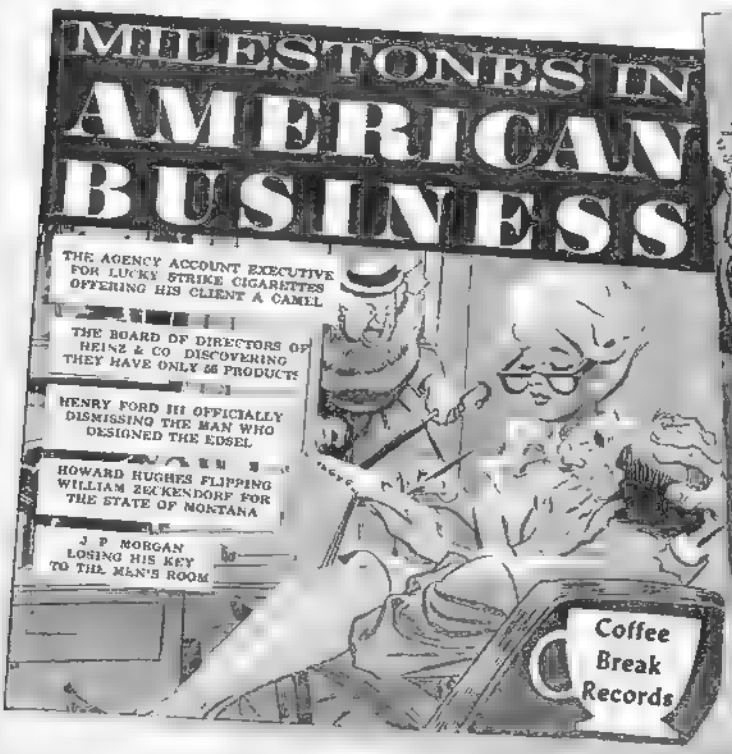


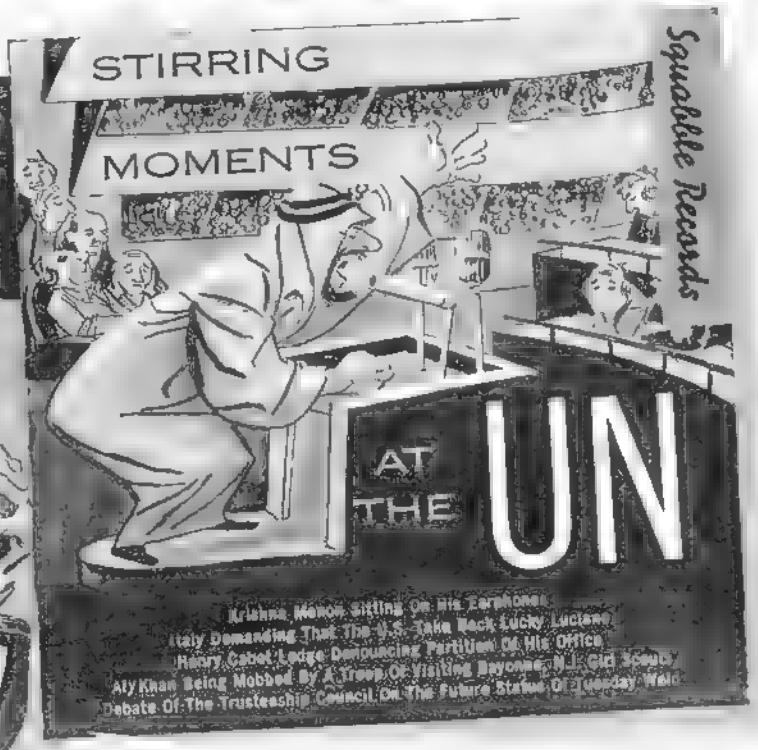
ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

because they "document" highlights of modern-day history. Well, we have listened to many of these records, and we don't think any of them cover the really important events that transpired in recent years. Because if they did, they'd look like MAD's collection of:

"S dney, here, just graduated from college!"

RY RECORDS





Lately, the big, slick magazines have been complaining about losing readers. (MAD doesn't have this complaint, mainly because we're not a big slick magazine. Also, we haven't got any readers to lose!) But, as far as the big, slick magazines are concerned, MAD has a solution for them. The reason they're losing readers is simple. They just don't have enough entertaining features in them . . . like f'rinstance "comics." If the slicks really wanted to boost their circulations, they'd take their cue from newspapers, and include a comic strip or two. Naturally these strips would have to be written to preserve the flavor of the individual magazine, but that would be easy. To show you what we're driving at, here are some samples of what you would see . . .

IF MAGAZINES CARRIED COMIC STRIPS

"If you ask me, it's a pretty stupid shape for a tomb!"

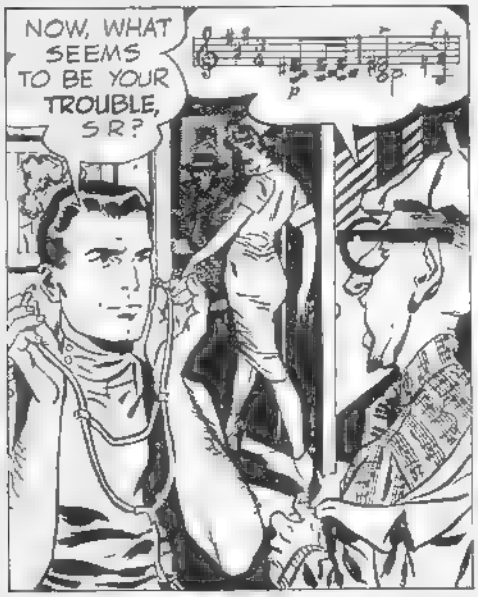
ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

If REX MORGAN, M.D.

If SUPERMAN

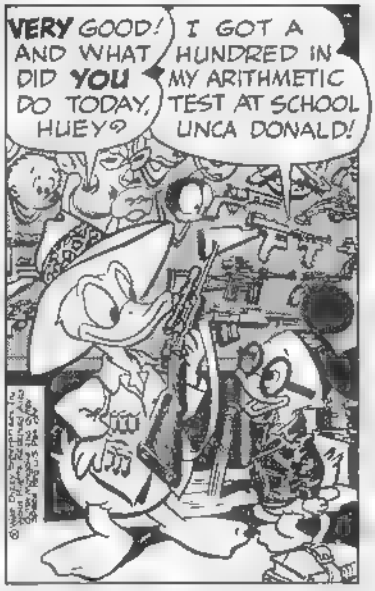
If DONALD DUCK

appeared in HI-FI STEREO REVIEW

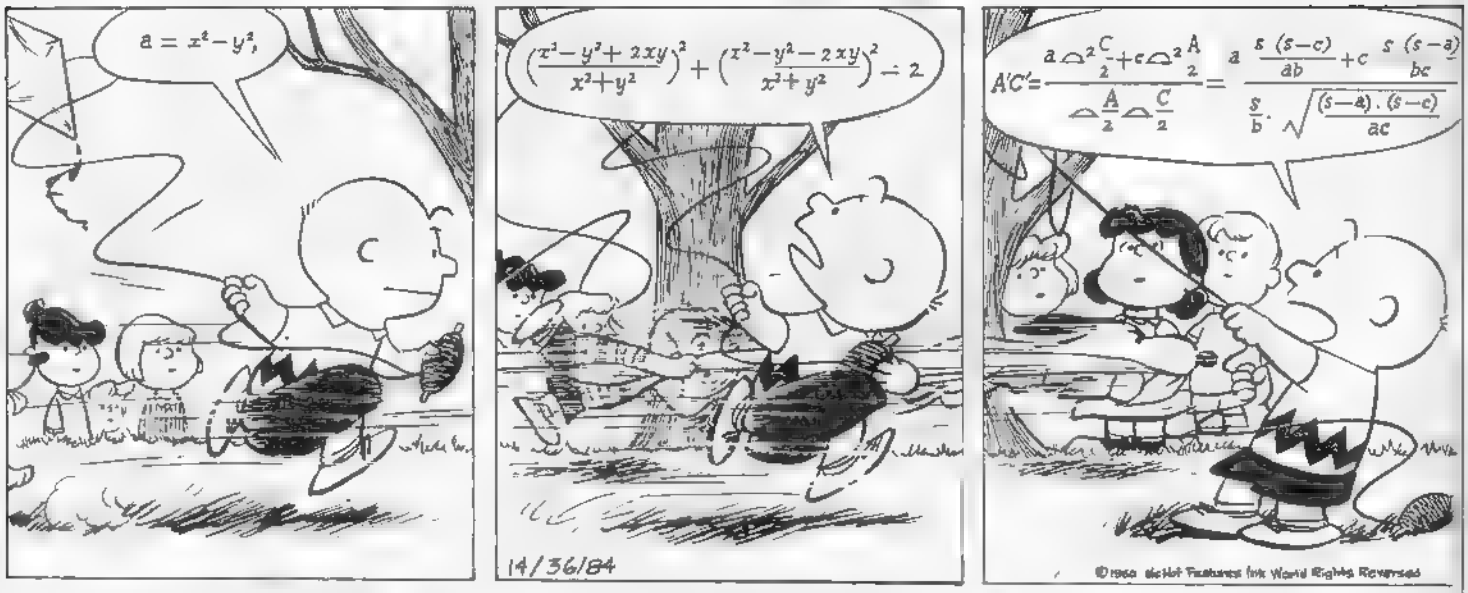


appeared in The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

appeared in TRUE



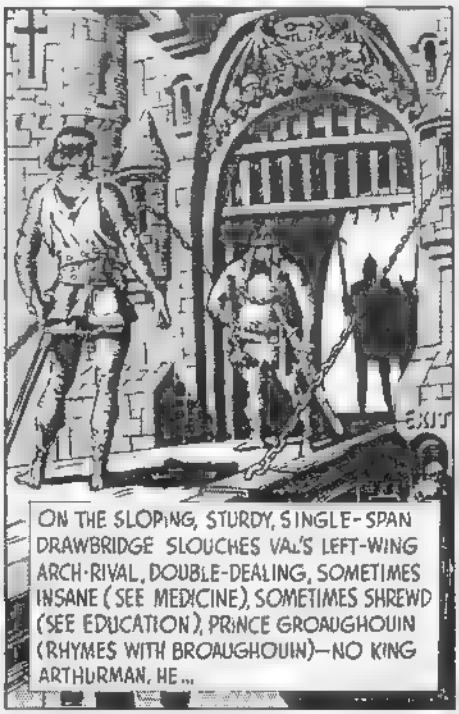
If **PEANUTS** appeared in SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

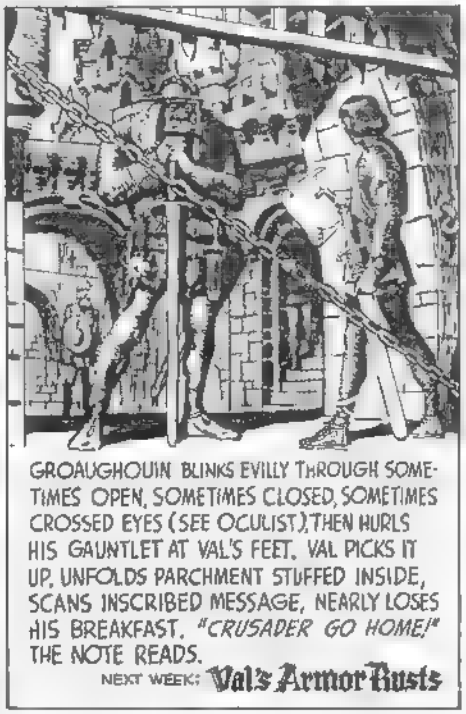


If **FLASH GORDON** appeared in Advertising Age

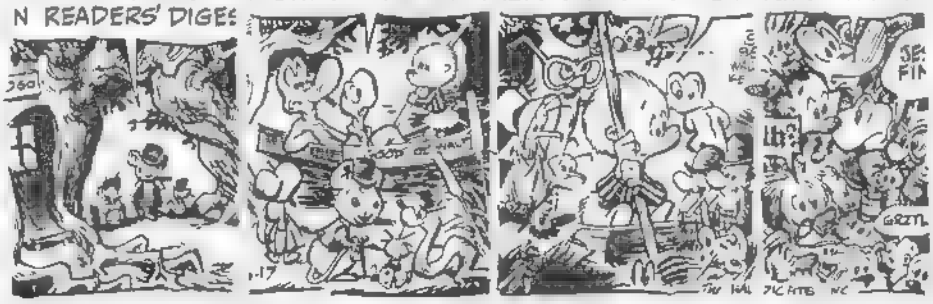
If **THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS** appeared in **PLAYBOY**

If PRINCE VALIANT appeared in TIME



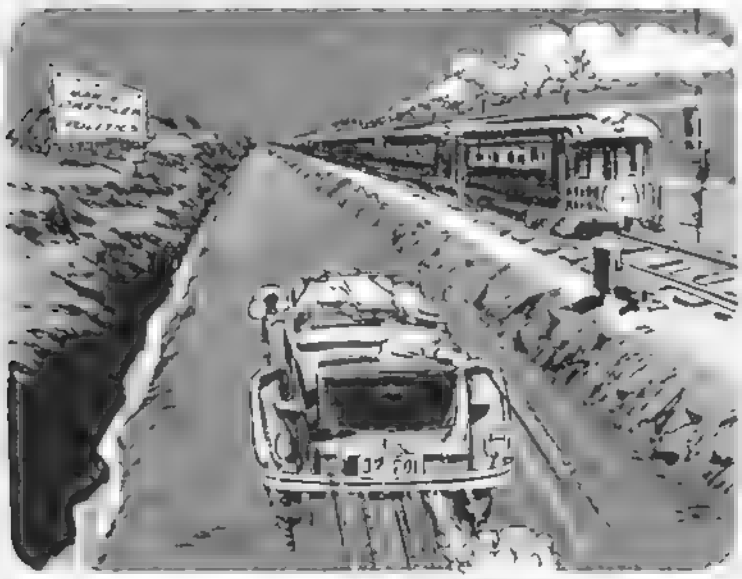


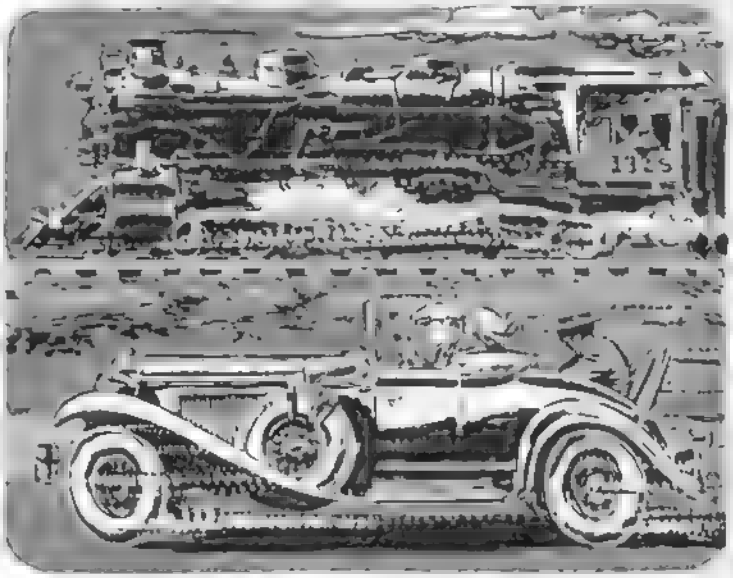
If POGO appeared in The Reader's Digest



Scenes We'd Like to See

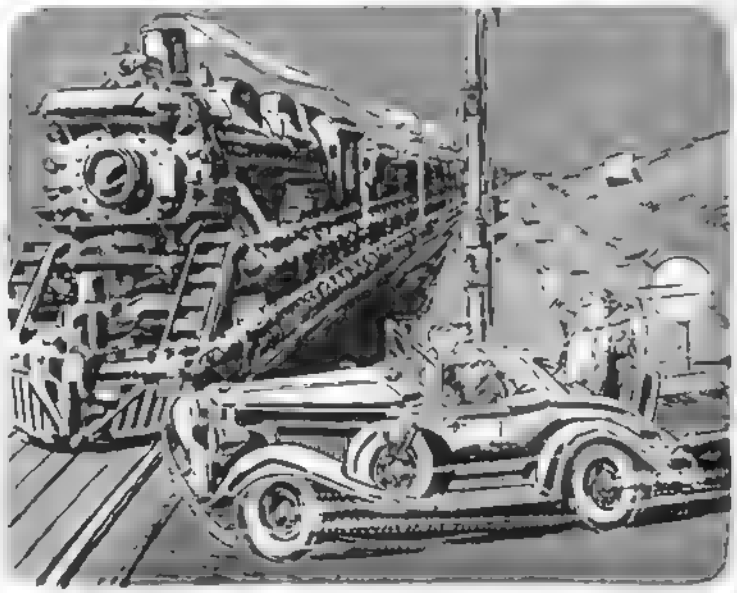
The Race To The Crossing

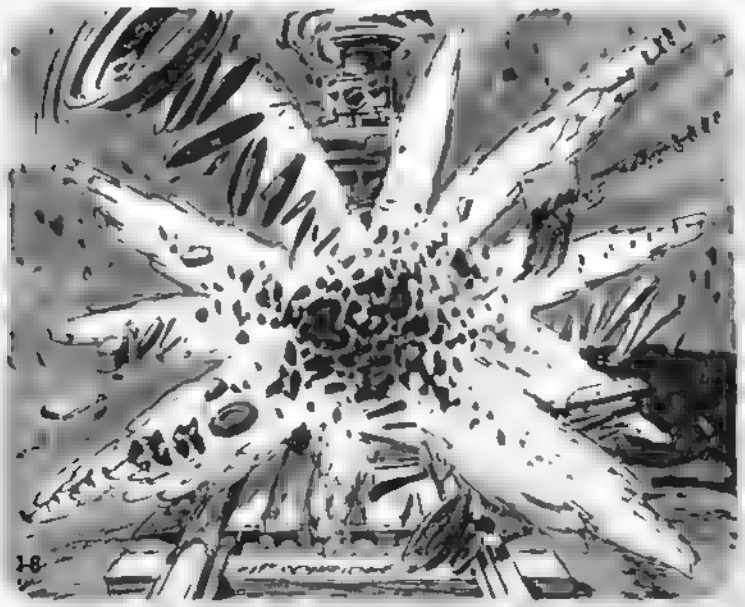




ARTIST GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER GARY BELKIN





FIN AND HAD-IT DEPT.

Fishing is one of the most popular outdoor sports in the world today. Oddly enough, it is indulged in mostly by men. Let us examine Fishing, and attempt to discover what is the magic power that draws millions of men into this sport every year. Can it be that they seek a source of food? No, because they'd starve to death on the average catch! Can it be that they seek to improve their health? No, because they usually come home exhausted, insect-bitten and sun-burned! Can it be that they seek the opportunity to sit and meditate on the philosophies of life? No, because they often get so swacked on beer, they can't even meditate on which end of the rod to hold! Can it be that they seek to get away from their wives and kids? You said it! That's the real reason men go . . .

FISHING

GOOD FISHING EQUIPMENT IS A PREREQUISITE FOR CATCHING BIG FISH

To be a good fisherman, the first thing one needs (aside from a desire to get away from certain irritants like job and family) is to be well-equipped.

"Aw, give it up, Charlie Brown!"

WRITER, AL JAFFEE ARTIST, MORT DRUCKER

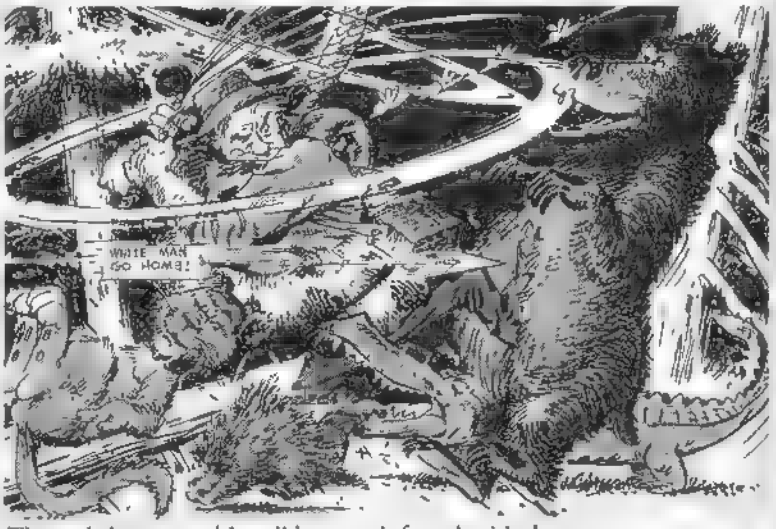
CONVINCING PROOF THAT GOOD FISHING EQUIPMENT CATCHES BIG FISH

THERE ARE MANY WONDERFUL KINDS OF FISHING. LET US EXPLORE EACH . . .

FRESH WATER FISHING

Fresh water fishing is best in remote areas. That's why a true fresh water fisherman is willing to suffer extreme hardships for a taste of this sport.

From the outset, nature presents a formidable barrier to the intrepid fresh water fisherman . . . but he pushes on.



Through impenetrable wilderness, infested with dangers at every turn, the true fresh water fisherman fights his way.

THRILLS OF FRESH WATER

CASTING

"Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?

The grace and balance and timing required in casting is equal to that of a ballet dancer. In short, it's an art!

Unfortunately, there are about as many artful fresh water fishermen around these days as there are ballet dancers.

HAZARDS OF FRESH

CARELESS USE OF EQUIPMENT

Fishing requires a high degree of concentration, thus an orderly arrangement of equipment is necessary. This fisherman carelessly hung bait box where lunch box should be.

LANDING A FISH

Sometimes, the fresh water fisherman has quite a struggle on his hands before he can get a fish into his creel. It is often amazing how much fight these little guys put up.

"Parade or no parade! This manhole stays open till the sewer's fixed!"

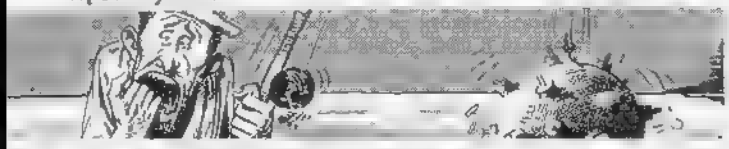
But it's all worth-while, because when at last he arrives at his secret, hidden, remote "fisherman's paradise", he feels a deep emotional sense of closeness to nature . . . and an even deeper sense of closeness to other fishermen.

FISHING

EXPERIMENTING

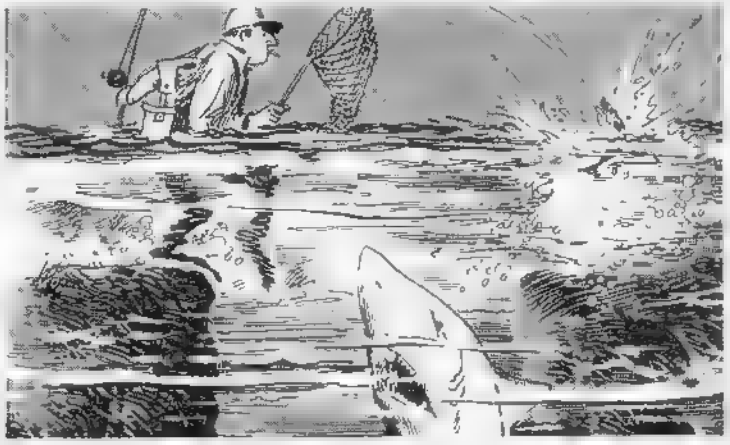
Trying out a secret new bait or lure is always a thrill—

Especially when the fisherman discovers one that works—



EXPLORING

Finding a new, uncharted fishing spot is often rewarding.



WATER FISHING

NETTING A FISH

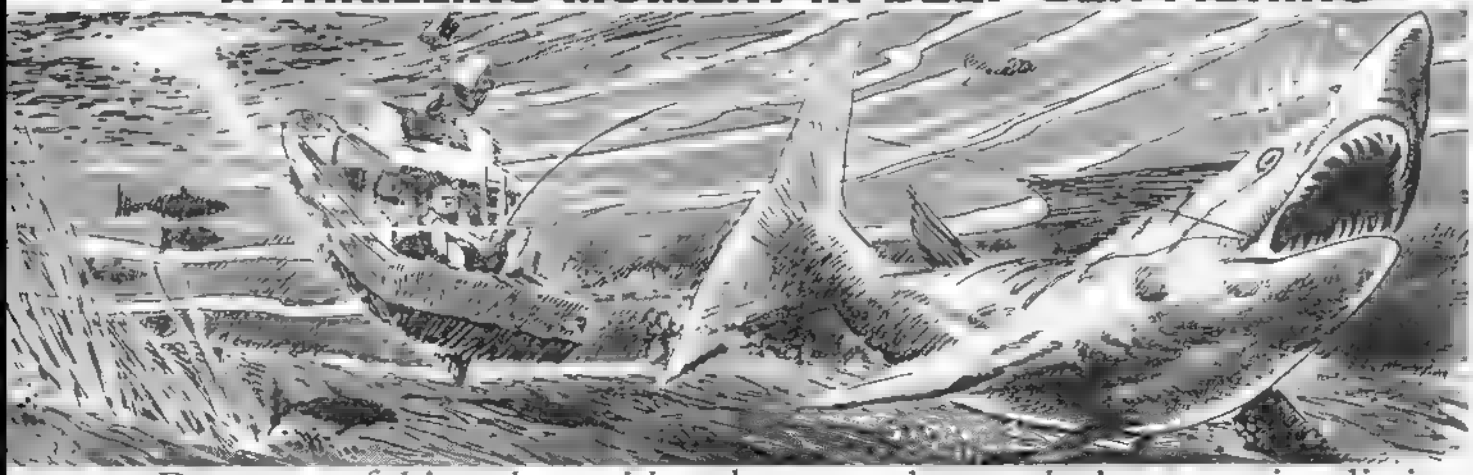
Panic is greatest problem in netting fish. Often fishermen panic, and . . . forget to bring fish in close before netting it. Instead, they'll chase it . . . sometimes with disastrous results.

DEEP SEA FISHING

On a deep sea fishing boat, one is likely to encounter some of the world's weirdest creatures. And one is likely to encounter some pretty strange ones in the ocean, too! The goal of every deep sea sport fisherman is to land a really big fish. Sometimes he will battle for hours to achieve that goal. Yes, nothing can match the excitement of a 160 pound man pitted against a struggling, thrashing monster who wants to prevent him from reaching his goal. But when his wife finally gives in and lets him go, the battle is well worth it..

"It seems that Goya painted two pictures of the Maja"

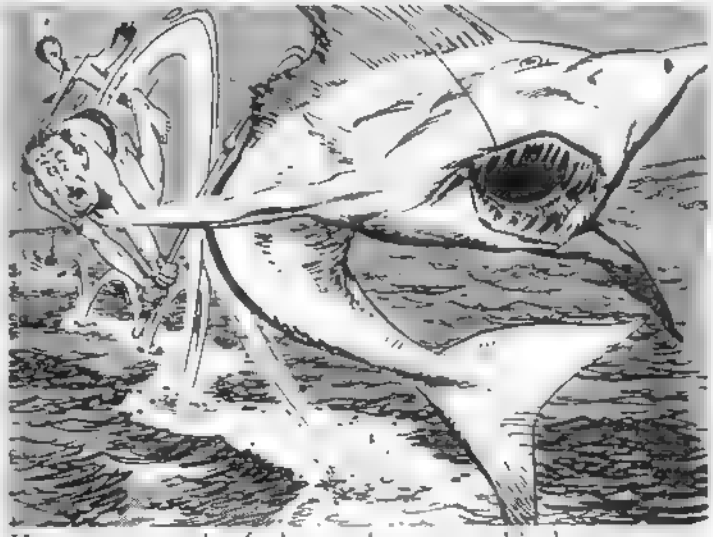
A THRILLING MOMENT IN DEEP SEA FISHING



Deep sea fishing is exciting because the catch has no size limit.

HOW DEEP SEA FISHING WORKS

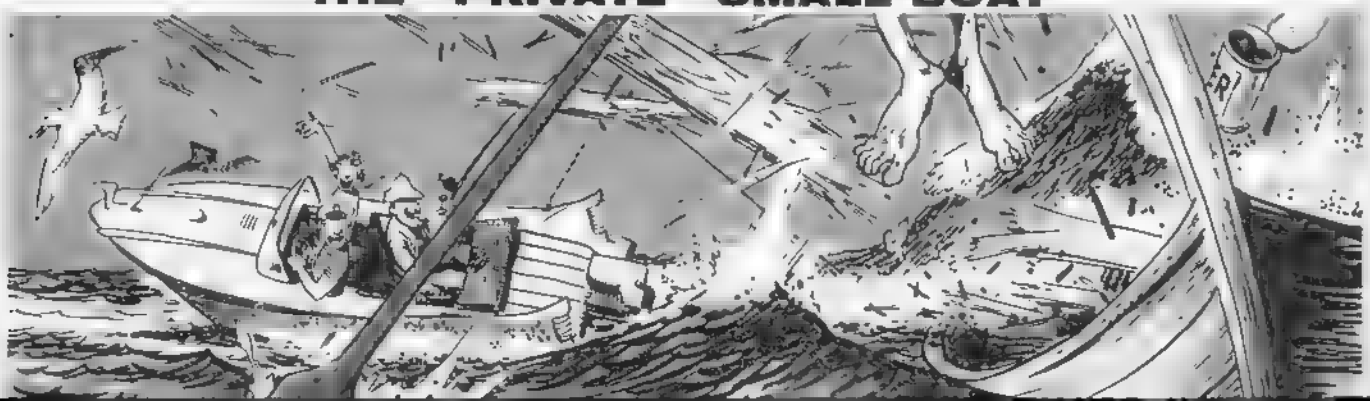
Big deep sea fish must be played till they are completely exhausted before they can be gaffed and hoisted aboard.



Here is an example of what can happen to a big deep sea fish when it is gaffed before it is completely exhausted.

SMALL BO

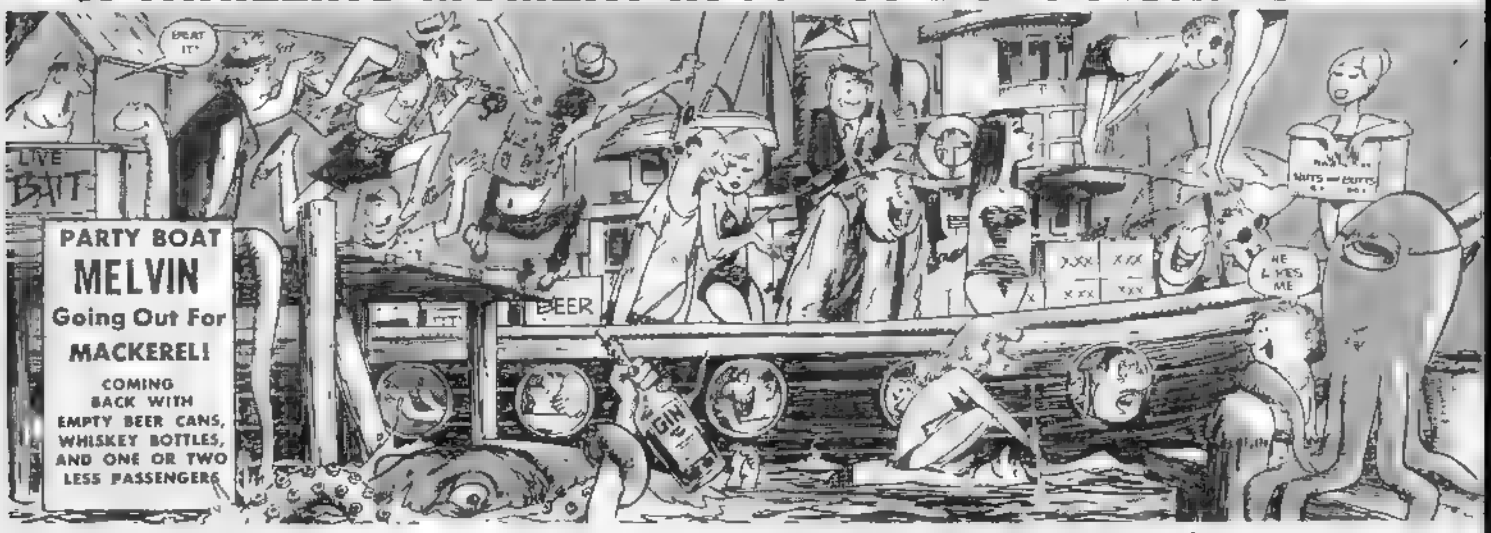
THE "PRIVATE" SMALL BOAT



PARTY BOAT FISHING

There are various other names for this type of fishing. These public boats are either chartered by private groups, who come aboard with a big supply of food and a bigger supply of liquor, or they are filled with individuals at so much per head, who come aboard with a big supply of food and a bigger supply of liquor. In both cases, the term "party boat" fits.

A THRILLING MOMENT IN PARTY BOAT FISHING

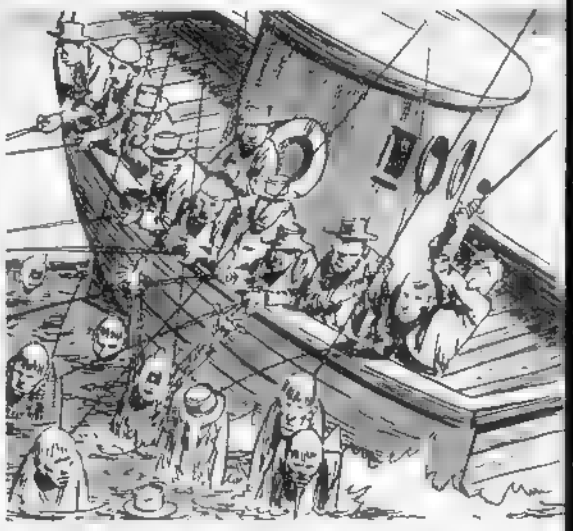


As soon as party boat passengers are loaded, things get under way.

HOW PARTY BOAT FISHING WORKS

Party boat fishermen crowd each side of the boat and drop their lines . . .

As soon as they feel a tug on their line, they reel in frantically . . .



. only to find they've hooked the lines of the guys from the other side

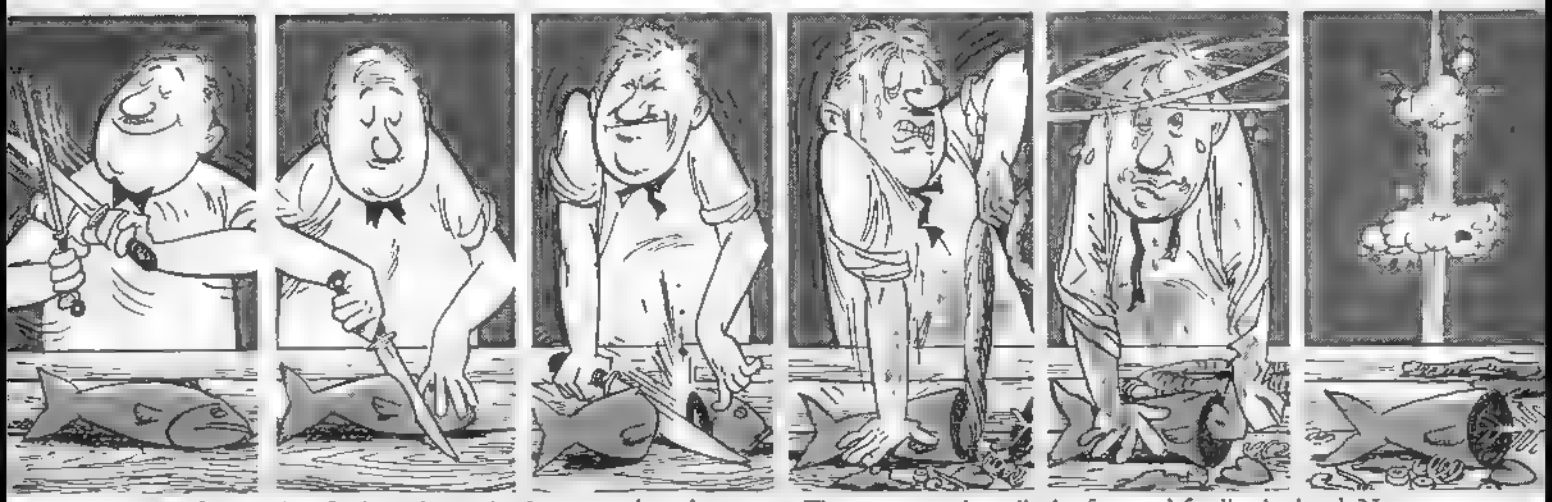
AT FISHING

THE "RENTED" SMALL BOAT

"There's one thing I don't like about the seashore!"

MISCELLANEOUS FA

CLEANING THE FISH

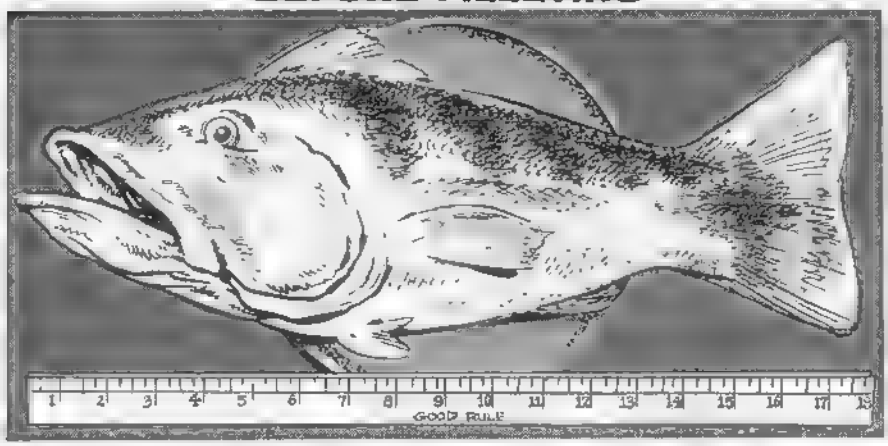


To fully enjoy fishing, the enthusiast must be adept at cleaning the fish he brings home, if he knows what's good for him! Start with a sharp knife. First, scale the fish. Then remove the tail, the fins, and finally the head. Now reach in and pull out the air sack, the liver, the heart, the intestines, the . . . ulp . . . intestines . . . ghack . . .

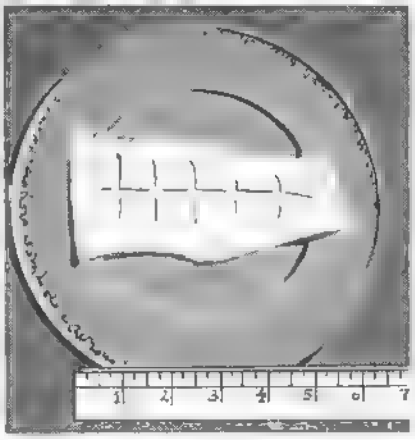
FILLETING THE FISH

Many fishermen prefer to fillet their fish, that is: to remove all of the bones and other inedible parts, leaving only the sweet succulent meat. Filleting a fish is an art Here we see a fish before and after it has been filleted

BEFORE FILLETING

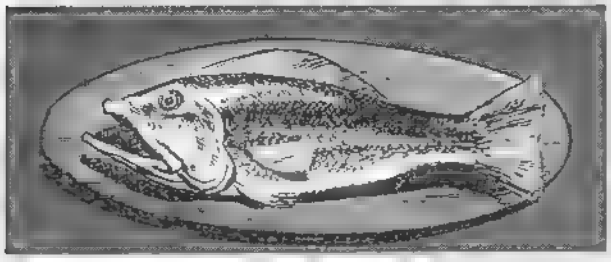


AFTER FILLETING

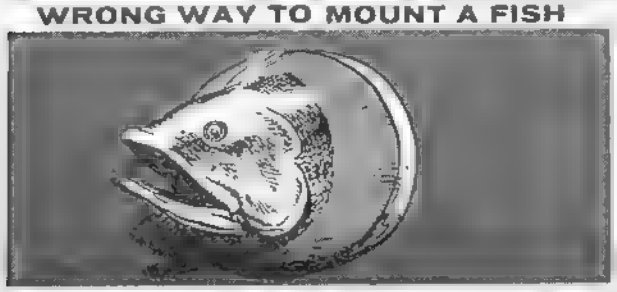


MOUNTING THE FISH AS TROPHIES

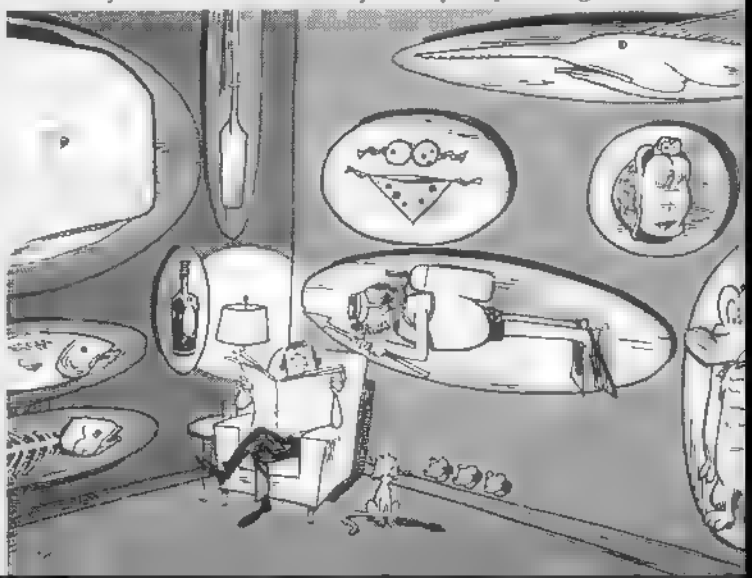
RIGHT WAY TO MOUNT A FISH



WRONG WAY TO MOUNT A FISH



Mounted fish make for an interesting display. Fishermen should try to mount one of every variety they've caught.

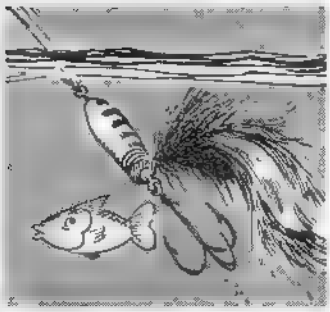


CTS ABOUT FISHING

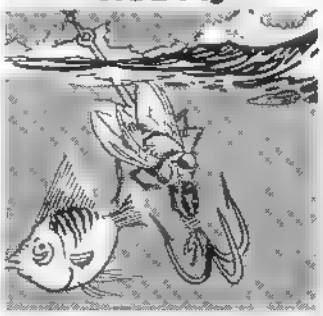
TYPES OF BAIT

There are almost as many types of bait as there are fish in the sea. Here are some popular types . . .

Lure

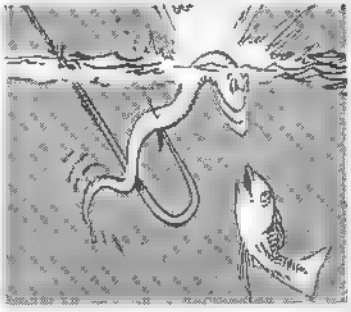


Tied Fly

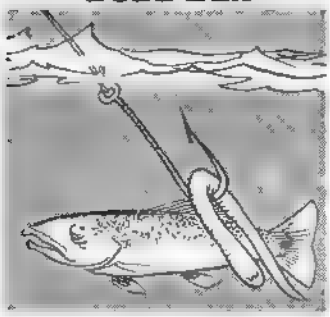


Untied Fly

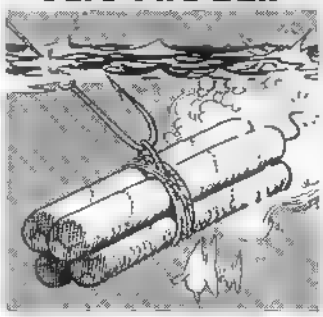
Live Bait



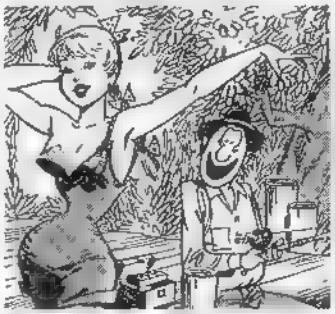
Dead Bait



Sure-Fire Bait



Jail Bait

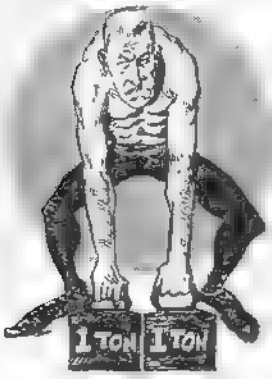


Jail Bait Lure

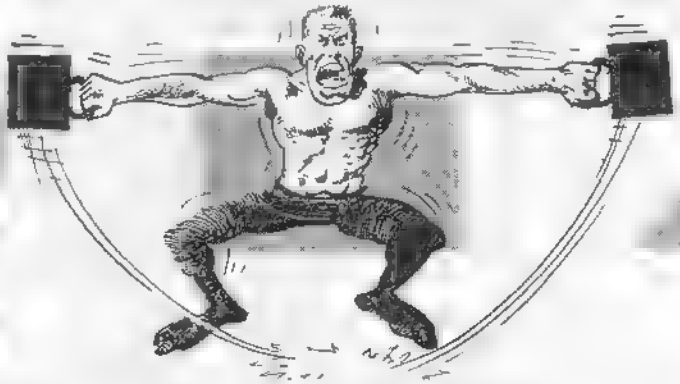
OFF SEASON EXERCISES FOR FISHERMEN

To keep in proper shape, there is one set of exercises the fisherman must indulge in . . . mainly . . .

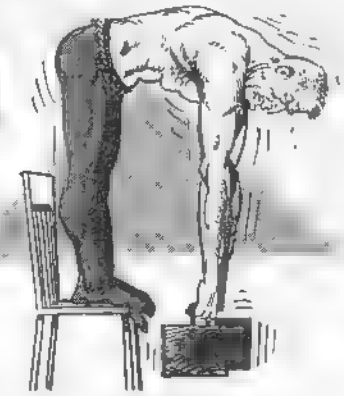
ARM EXERCISES



Grasp heavy weights firmly, and lift up and down for one hour every day.

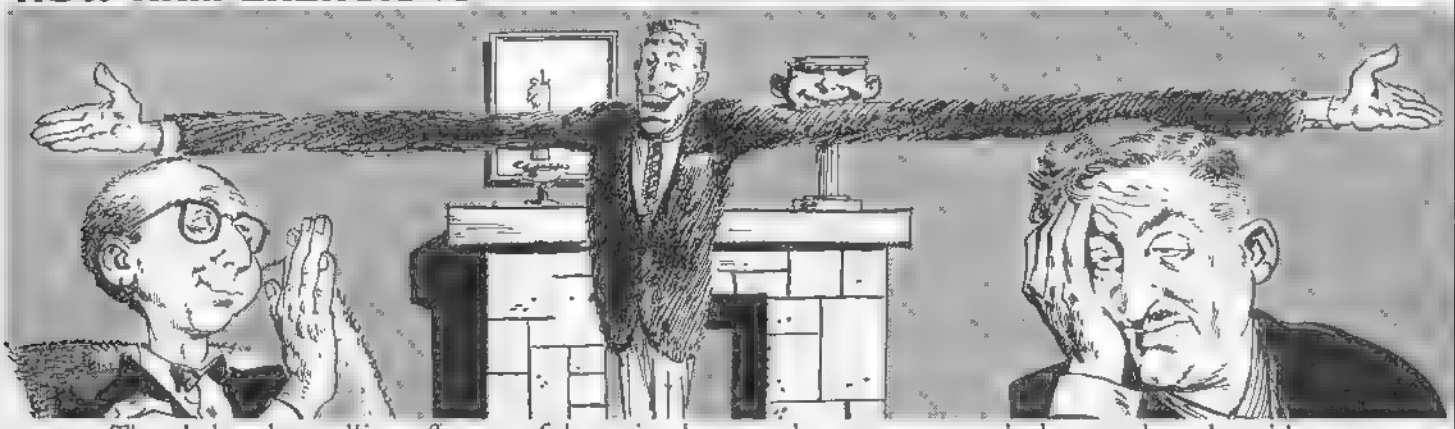


Grasp heavy weights and swing outward to the sides for one hour every day.



Grasp heavy weights and hang over the edge of a chair for 1 hour every day.

HOW ARM EXERCISES HELP FISHERMEN DURING OFF SEASON



They help when telling off-season fish stories, because the arms are stretched to revolting length!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

For his second offering, Don Martin, who's a misfit any way you look at it, tells us about what happened to him

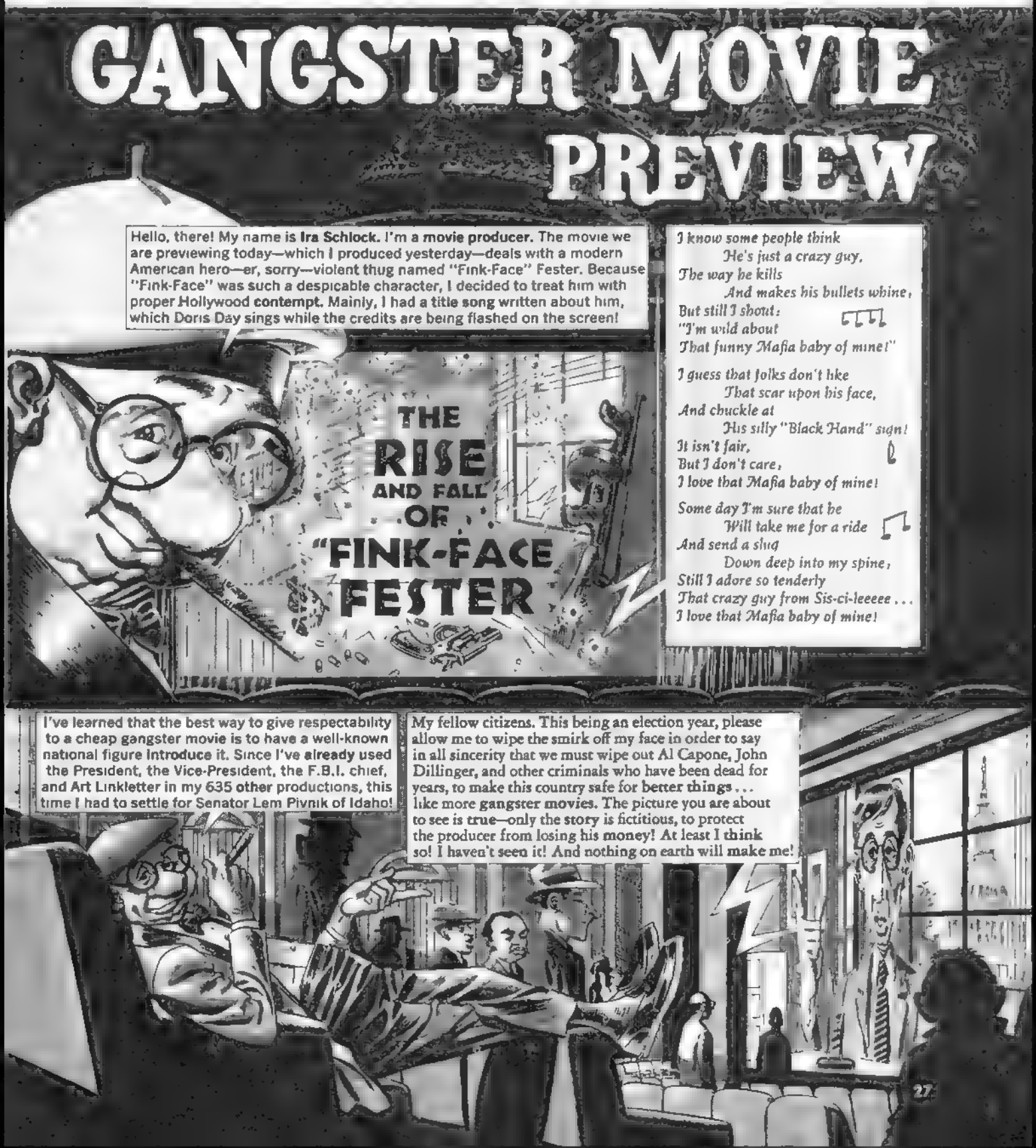
AT THE CLOTHIERS

Lately, money-hungry Hollywood producers have been selling a new gimmick: cheap, bloody, violent gangster films with a 1920's background. Of course, blood and violence are not exactly new to Hollywood, but these guys have something else up their sleeves. Namely, under the pretext of teaching a moral lesson, they are appealing to the vicarious thrill-seekers by making heroes out of Al Capone, John Dillinger, Baby-Face Nelson, and the entire Board of Directors of Murder, Incorporated. You'll see what we mean as

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD

MAD GOES TO A GANGSTER MOVIE PREVIEW

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



When a gangster movie begins, it's always wise to show our hero—er, pardon—thug as a young boy. In this way, we expose the psychological reasons for his starting on a life of crime, which is always impressive. Also, we get in some early bloodshed, which is even more impressive!

Sorry, Mom! Sorry Pop! But I gotta plug yuh! Not because I want to—but because my home life is terrible, you both hate me . . . and mainly the folks out there are rootin' for me to do it!

But Fink-Face son—we don't hate you! We love you! We'll do anything for you!

Shut up and die in agony, Bessie! You want to nip a promising career of murder in the bud, and give him some sort of healthy complex?

And now for Fink-Face's first big meeting with Al Capone. Whenever I show big lovable Al in my films, I make sure to hold up on the dialogue for ten or fifteen minutes to allow for the cheers and applause to die down . . .

Hi, Mr. Capone. I'm Fink-Face Fester. I'd like to join your swell Mafia Social and Athletic Club. I can do anything, take minutes, play punch-ball, kill judges. Whaddya say, Mr. Capone? You wanna initiate me? I don't mind going under the mill, Mr. Capone, Sir!

Shaddup-a you face, and-a let the sick movie fans inna audience finish applauding me, you fresh kid, you!

Awright! Ten-a minoots is up! Now we can-a talk! So you wanna join-a da Mafia, eh, fresh kid! Okay! I like-a you! You gotta nice cruel mout! But mostly I like-a de way you don look a me inna eye when you talk-a to me! At s a good sign! Pick up a tommy gun anna some bombs! I gotta little job for you!

By the way, in case you're wondering why I m the only one in Hollywood making gangster films of the 1920 s, the answer is simple! I have a great social conscience, I have a fantastic talent, and mainly I bought up all the old box-type automobiles, old-fashioned upright telephones, and double-breasted suits available . . .

Hey, Fink-Face! I like-a your bomb-t rowing style! You got-a class! You gonna go places some day!

Shucks, Mr Capone! That was letty! Wait'll you see me throw righty! I got curves, sliders and everything! Gee, I like this work! You get plenty of fresh air, and you don't have to stand on corners and meet the wrong kind of people!

Hey, how come 'Gutsy Famisht didn't come along on this job?

His double breasted suit s in the cleaners! How would it look if he threw a bomb in a single-breasted suit? The audience would laugh him off the screen!

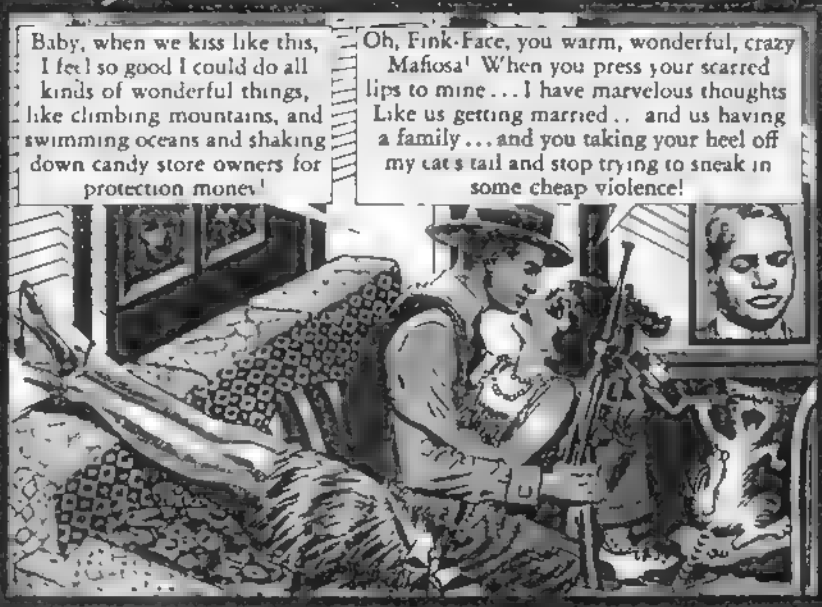
While I like my gangster pictures to include details of kids plugging their parents and cement coffins and store-bombings, too much of that stuff can get depressing. That's why, for a change of pace, I always bring in a lighter note . . . like a gay holiday scene . . . like f'rinstance St. Valentine's Day . . .

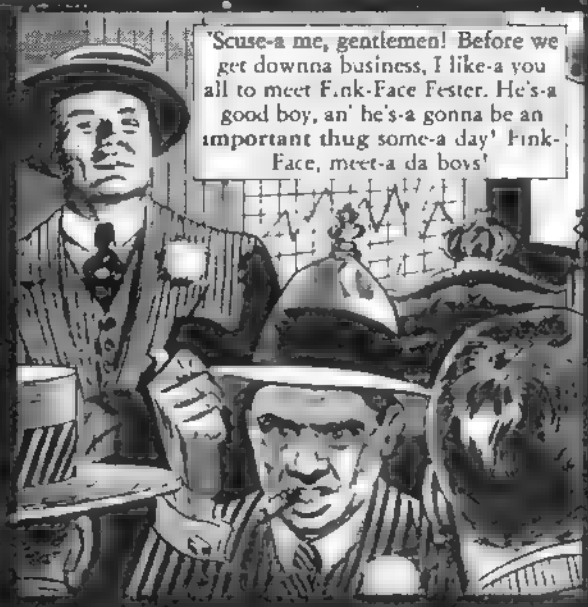
Fink-Face, you not only t row a nice-a bomb, you also a good tommy-gunner! Yessir, you gonna be a big-a man some a day .

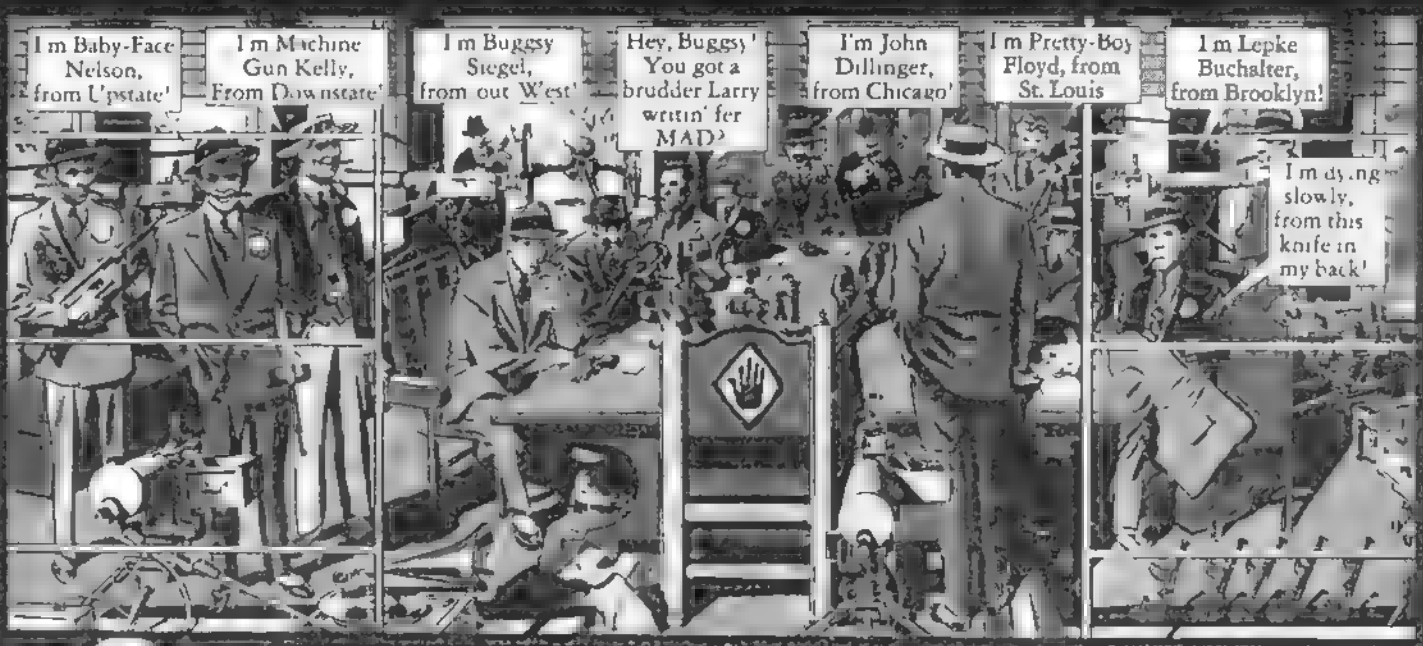
Thanks, Mr. Capone! I sure like bootlegging, dope-pushing, killing, and other exciting club games But now, as is customary in gangster films, it s time for me to meet a girl who will love me even though I'm a sick killer, and try to reform me Whereupon I will do the only decent thing . . . namely, gun her down for her troubles . . .

Although it's nice to please the romantic movie-goer with a love scene in a gangster film, you've still got to hold the attention of the violence-lovers, and five straight minutes without violence can be dangerous. To be safe, this time I tried something different . . .

After Fink-Face does the decent thing—taking his foot off the cat's tail and gunning down his girl—we switch to the big scene where all the Underworld greats have a meeting. Naturally, they come into the room one at a time, so that the audience can cheer wildly at each entrance . .







Now for the "Territory-Dividing" scene, always a thrill in gangster films. This is where our heroes—er, pardon—hoods divide an area into geographical sections for purely unselfish reasons—like greed and profit.

According to my stop watch, there hasn't been a trace of violence or bloodshed for nearly two minutes, and so here goes! . . .

Now that this great guy—er, I mean dirty skunk, Fink-Face Fester, is King of the Underworld, as a producer I am morally obligated to expose him. Notice how, in this next scene, I have many decent citizens of the community recognize him for the low-down crook he really is . . .

I got news for you, Boys! I got the North Side, which includes Canada, Greenland, Alaska and the Arctic Ocean! I also got the South Side, which includes Australia and South America. In fact, I got everything, which includes the ten-minute applause whenever I appear on the screen in all future gangster movies!

Hey! There goes that prosperous racketeer, Fink-Face Fester!

What a generous bribe I got from that upstanding hoodlum, Fink-Face Fester!

That gangster Fester is my ideal! I wanna be just like him when I grow up!

Boy, it just shows you how any kid in America has an opportunity to grow up to be a rich and famous hood!

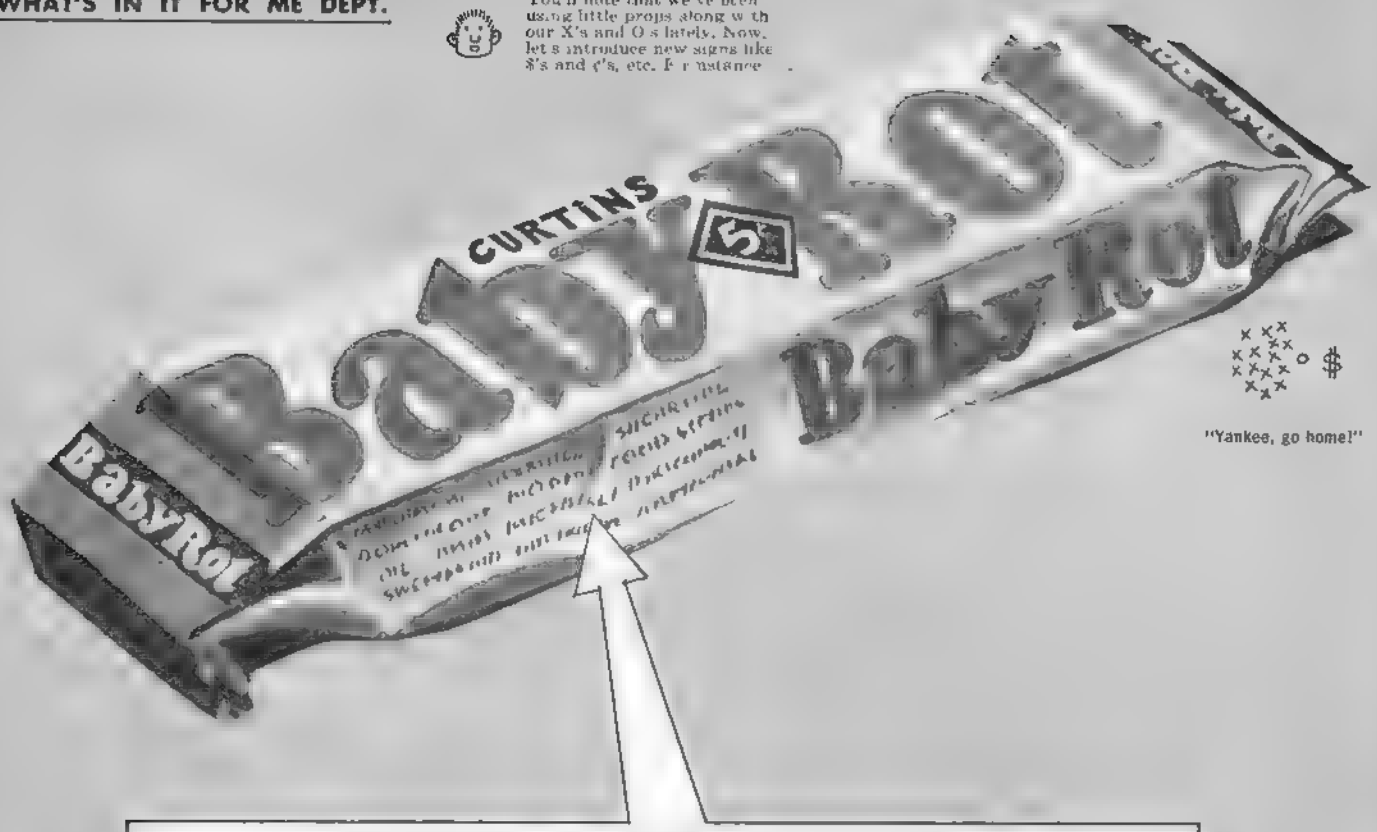
But, as all of us public-spirited gangster film producers know, he who lives by the sword must die by the sword. And so, after two hours of showing him leading an exciting, profitable, and enviable life, I now demonstrate that "Crime does not Pay" by having Fester die a horrible and violent death at the very end!

See, Kelly! When you live the rotten, cruel, mean life of a killer, you have to die violently!

It's horrible! Cut down in the prime of life—at 103—by a bad case of measles!

Well, that's it, folks! So much for "The Rise and Fall of Fink-Face Fester"! I hope you liked it, and that you learned a very valuable lesson. Mainly, that crime does not pay . . . but making crime movies does! And now for a coffeee break! After which, I start on my next gangster film! Well, I've got to run. It's 3:00 now, and I want to be finished with it by dark!

You'll note that we've been using little props along with our X's and O's lately. Now, let's introduce new signs like $'s and ¢'s, etc. For instance



"Yankee, go home!"

Ingredients: Roasted Peanuts, Sugar, Corn Syrup, Vegetable Oil, Powdered Skim Milk, Cocoa, Salt, Pure Food Starch, Emulsifier, Assorted Mouse Droppings, Factory Dust, Dandruff, Belly-Button Lint, Artificial Flavor, Artificial Color, and Artificial Candy

Did you ever notice how they always print the ingredients of a candy or food or drug on the label or wrapper? This practice is required by the "Pure Food and Drugs Act" which was passed so instead of worrying about what kind of awful slop you're swallowing, you know exactly what kind of awful slop you're swallowing. Actually, this business of listing the contents of a can of food or bottle of drugs or box of candy is a good idea. But, in order to fully protect the American consumer, we think this practice should be extended to other areas besides food and drugs. In other words, we think Congress should immediately pass

MAD'S "PURE PRODUCTS" LAW

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: SY REIT

UNDER MAD'S "PURE PRODUCTS" LAW, A LIST OF INGREDIENTS

CARS

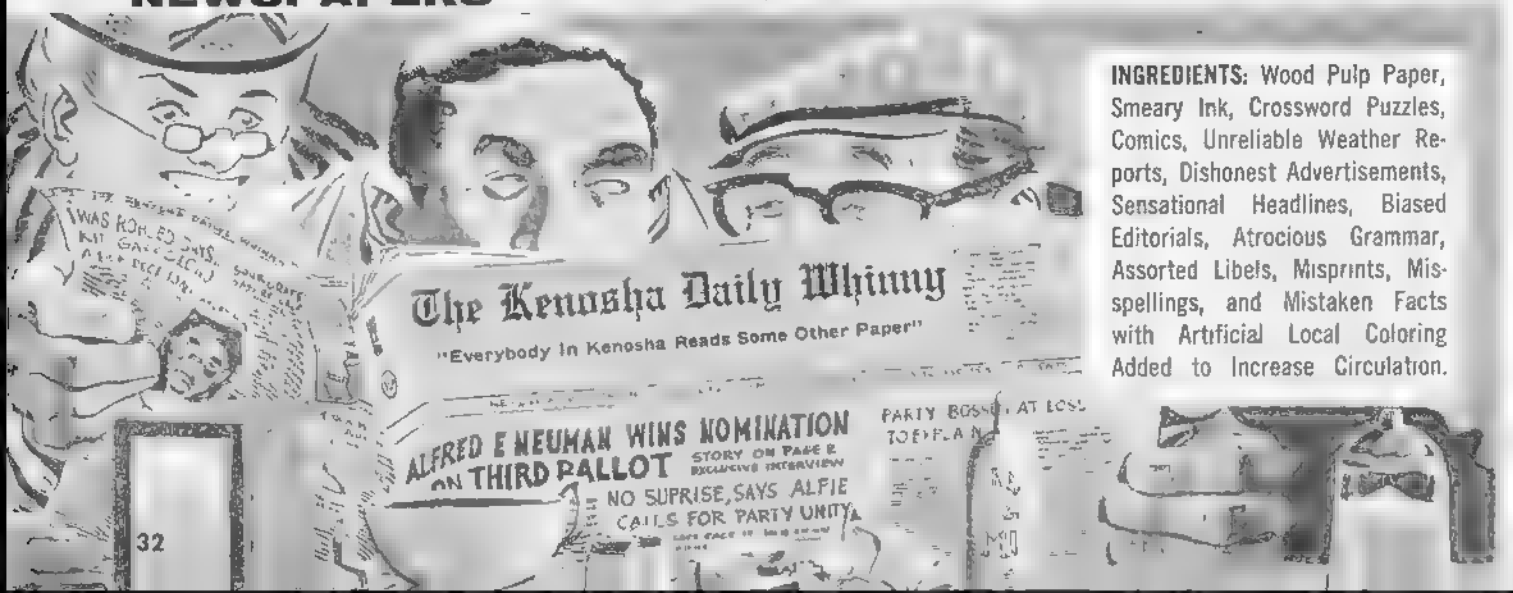
INGREDIENTS: Shatterproof Glass, Shatterprone Plastic, Thin-Gauge American Steel, Inferior German and Japanese Steel, Molded Cardboard, Synthetic Rubber, Faulty Welding, Loose Nuts and Bolts, Leaks, Squeaks, Rattles, Groans, Whines, Womens, Songs, Microscopic Chromium Plating, Fastenings of Thumb Tacks, Scotch Tape, Glue and Spit, and Exorbitant Finance Rates with Carrying Charges.

There goes poor Selma, out with that cheapskate again!"

MEN'S SUITS

INGREDIENTS: 45% Re-Processed Yak Hair, 41% Re-Claimed Lemur Wool, 12% Excelsior, 2% Brillo, Salvaged Thread, Irritating Dyes, Imitation Cloth Linings, Imitation Bone Buttons and Imitation Fancy Label.

NEWSPAPERS

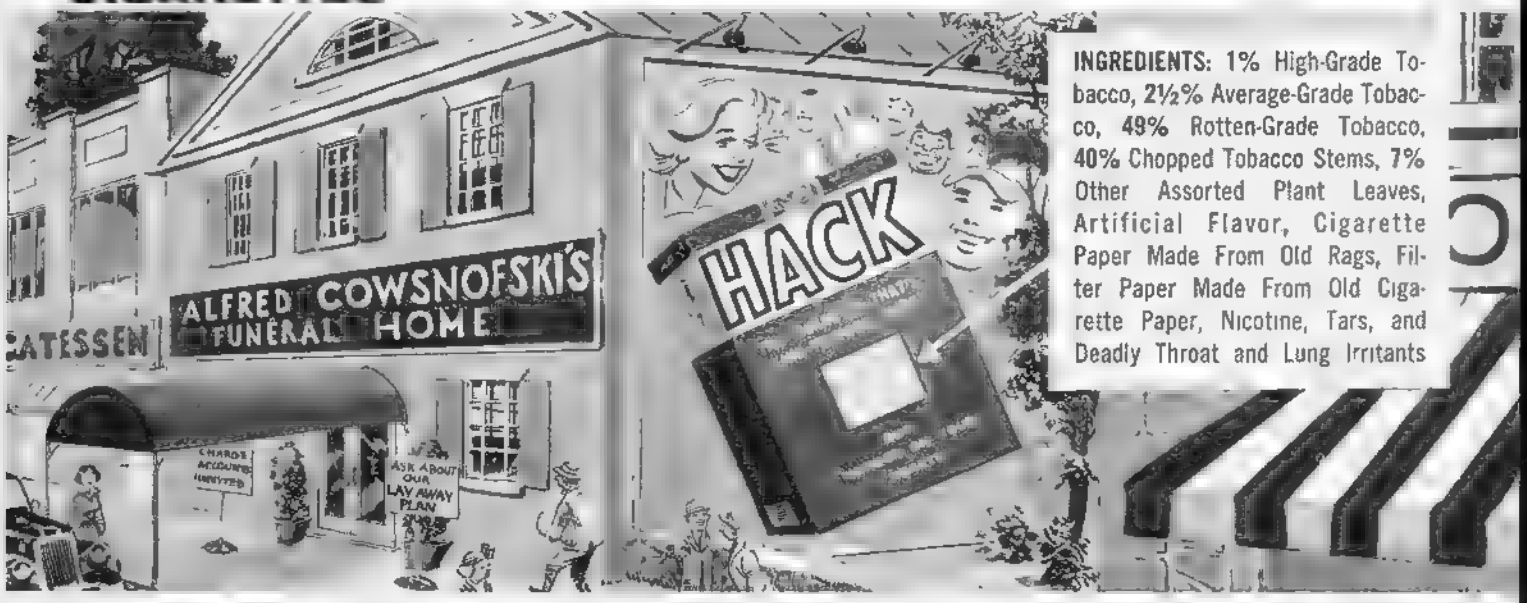


INGREDIENTS: Wood Pulp Paper, Smeary Ink, Crossword Puzzles, Comics, Unreliable Weather Reports, Dishonest Advertisements, Sensational Headlines, Biased Editorials, Atrocious Grammar, Assorted Libels, Misprints, Misspellings, and Mistaken Facts with Artificial Local Coloring Added to Increase Circulation.

WOULD BE REQUIRED ON EVERYTHING, LIKE F'RINSTANCE . . .

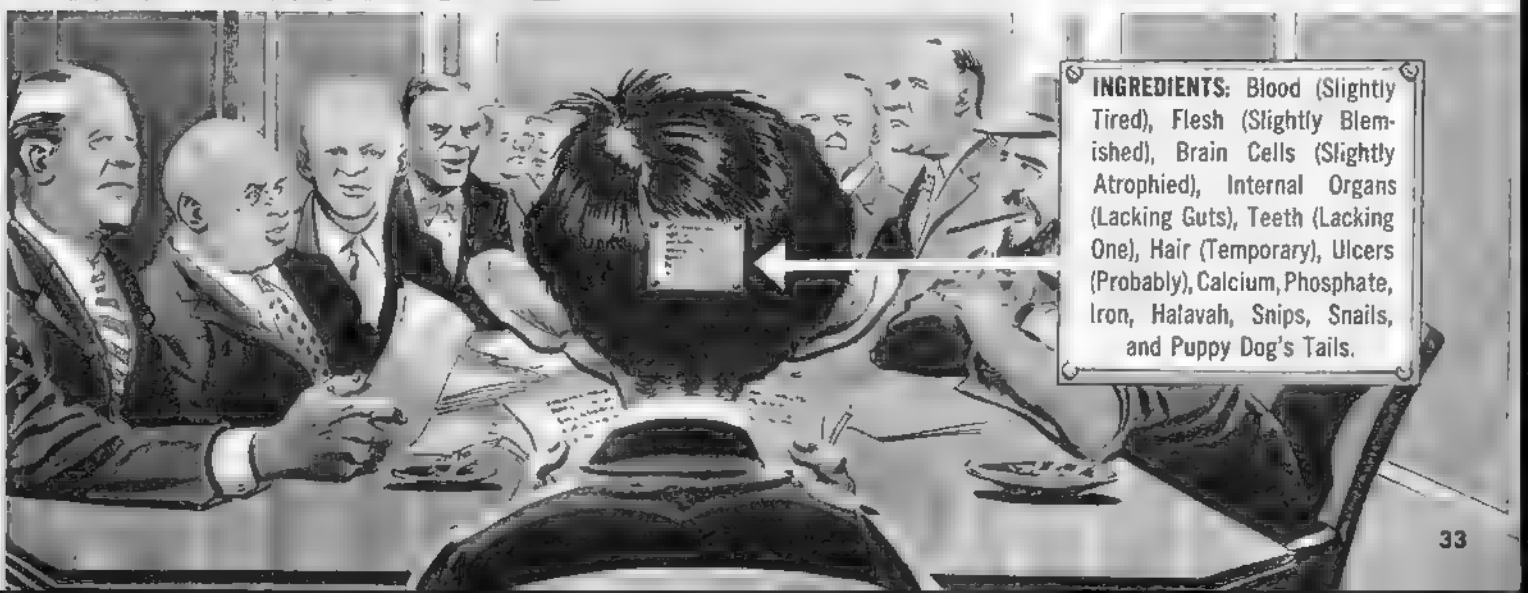
HOUSES

CIGARETTES



xxxxxxxxo^xxxx "I'm saving my friend's place in line!"

AND EVEN PEOPLE

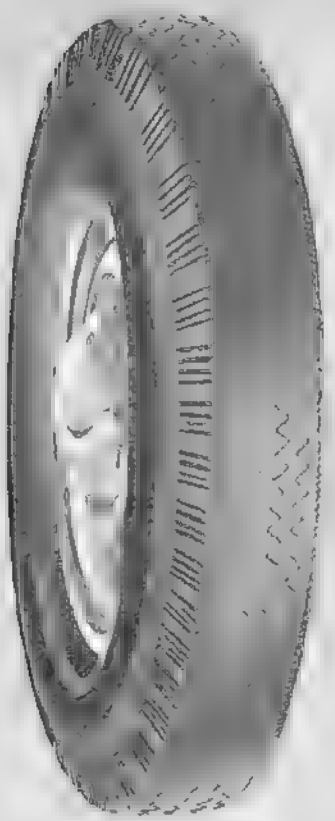


When an ordinary guy wants to show something, he usually wants to show it the way it really is. So he takes a photograph of it. When a Madison Ave. guy wants to show something, he usually wants to show it the way he wishes it could be. So he still takes a photograph of it, but then he phonies it

REPROPORTIONING FOR FUN AND MAINLY

HERE ARE TWO EXAMPLES OF HOW MADISON AVENUE

Here is the original photograph of a name-brand automobile tire



Now, here is the same photograph of the tire as it was used in ads after reproportioning

NATIONWIDE SALE!

The Tire Bargain of the Year

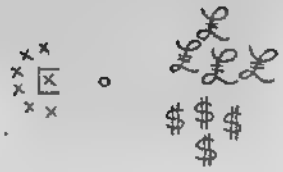
Good'n'rich KUSHION KING 600

See your friendly Good 'n rich Dealer Today!

*Plus your recappable tire†. Price does not include whitewalls, tread or valve, and is effective only for the first five customers who bring a copy of this ad to our main office, which is in Key West, Florida.

†A recappable tire is a tire with less than 3000 miles on it

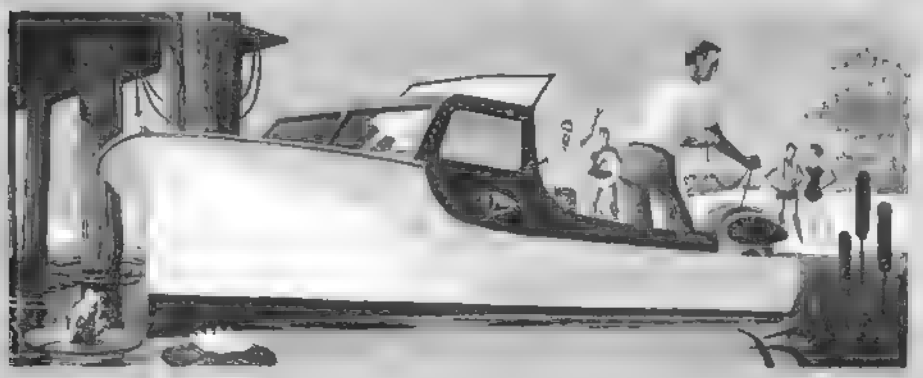
up with a process called "reproportioning". This process results in making an object wider or taller or thinner or smaller, depending on what you're aiming at, and who you're trying to "con". Since Madison Ave. does it all the time, we see no reason why pretty soon more and more people will be...



"Your Majesty, the British-American Trade Commission has arrived!"

PHOTOGRAPHS PROFIT

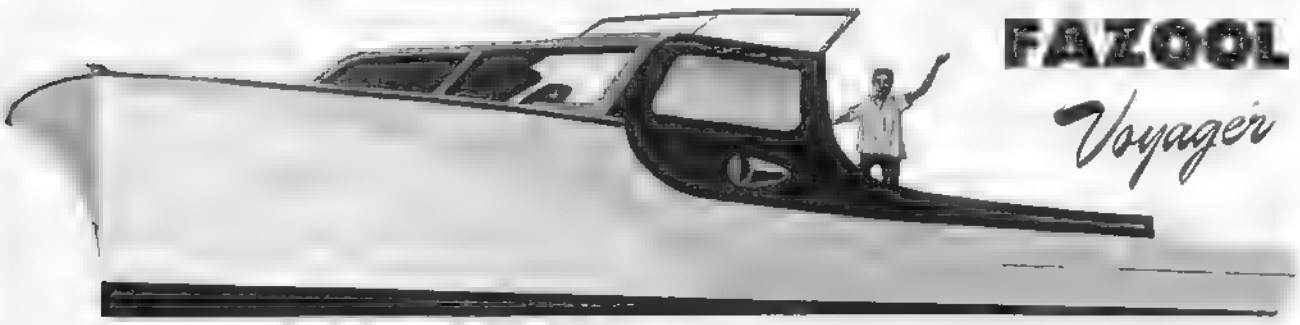
USES REPROPORTIONED PHOTOGRAPHS IN THEIR ADS



Take this on-the-spot original photograph of a small cabin cruiser

Here is how clever reproportioning of the photo makes it into a luxury cabin cruiser

Enjoy FAST, EASY, SPACIOUS LIVING AT SEA ... on a FAZOOL *Voyager*



City living got you down? Forget your worries, your cares, your bills! Speed away in a FAZOOL "Voyager" Cabin Cruiser! Your family will enjoy the pleasures of outdoor living. Your friends will relax in spacious comfort. And mainly, your creditors won't ever catch up to you when you're sailing twenty miles out at sea.

CHECK THESE SIX GREAT FEATURES

- Sleeps six in comfort
- Powered by 200 HP V-8
- Ship-to-Shore Radio
- Radar and Depth Finder
- Automatic Pilot
- Complete Galley Facilities

FAZOOL *Voyager*

"Nothing goes past a Fazool!"

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

HERE ARE EXAMPLES OF HOW ORDINARY PEOPLE

THE GREASY-SPOON RESTAURANT OWNER

takes this photo of his overpriced crumby lunch

and reproportions it to appear on the menu as a mouth-watering bargain

Hoggenschlacher's East Side Cafe & Beanery

BUSINESSMEN'S

Special Blue-Plate Luncheon

START OFF WITH

- A Giant-Size Glass of Freshly-Squeezed Orange Rinds

THEN DIG INTO

- A Sizzling, Thick, Man-Sized, All-Meat Minute Steak
- A Mouth-Watering Heaping Portion of Fried Onion Skins
- A Generous Serving of Creamy Mashed Potato Peels
- A Tall, Frosty, Cooling Glass of Delicious Water

AND TOP THE WHOLE THING OFF WITH

- A Stupendous Wedge of Fluffy, Light Chocolate Cupcake

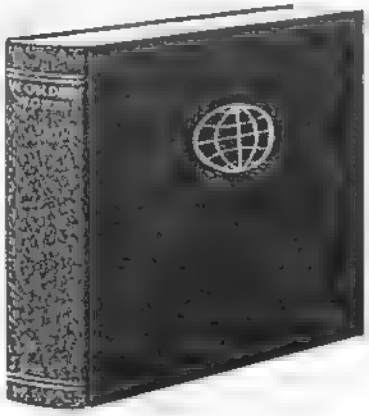
Coffee Tea Milk Bi-Carb

THE PUBLISHER OF BAD ENCYCLOPEDIAS

takes this photo of his thin and worthless book

and reproportions it to look like a huge volume filled with vital facts

Every American Home Needs THE MAMMOTH, ALL-INCLUSIVE



Wonder-World Encyclopedia

THE WHOLE WORLD AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

A PARTIAL LIST OF ITS CONTENTS

FULL COVERAGE OF IMPORTANT PEOPLE, PLACES AND FACTS—COMPLETE ATLAS AND GAZETEER—HANDY HOME MEDICAL GUIDE (including 50 Do-It-Yourself Operations)—COMPLETE HOME STUDY COURSE IN NUCLEAR PHYSICS—100 WAYS YOU CAN GET RICH—100 WAYS YOU CAN GET CAUGHT—HOW TO WIN AT BRIDGE POKER, SCRABBLE, AND MONOPOLY—NATURE GUIDE TO BIRDS, ANIMALS, INSECTS AND JAZZ MUSICIANS—500 MOVIES TO AVOID ON THE LATE LATE LATE SHOW—1,500 ASSORTED ARABIAN CURSES—STATE-BY-STATE LISTINGS OF MURDER AND DIVORCE LAWS—COMPLETE LANGUAGE COURSES IN FRENCH, GERMAN AND HIP-TALK—75 USES FOR BELLY-BUTTON LINT—75 REASONS WHY YOU WERE A SUCKER TO BUY THIS BOOK!!

Wonder-World Publishing Co.

"You wonder why in the world we're publishing"

CAN MAKE USE OF REPROPORTIONED PHOTOGRAPHS

A MONEY-GRUBBING ORPHANAGE OWNER
takes this photo of the orphans he is starving

and reproportions it so he can send an appeal for more money to steal

SCONDER'S ORPHAN HOME
ANNUAL FUND APPEAL

To you who have been so generous in the past

Won't you double your contribution this year so we can continue to give our beloved orphans the tender care they have been getting?

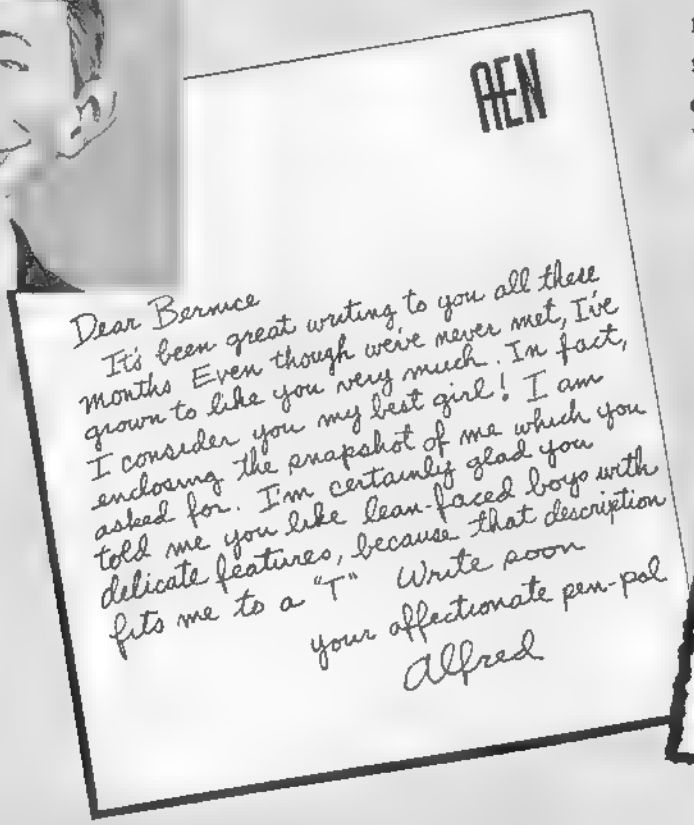
Just study the picture above for a moment. Note the smiling, round faces . . . the well-nourished bodies . . . the all-around healthy appearance of our charges. And then tell me you can refuse. Food costs are up, as you know. In order to continue to supply the nourishing meals we have been giving each darling child, we must spend over $500 each per year. This may seem like a lot, but you will agree that no sum is too large for a homeless, motherless, and fatherless youngster

Look at the picture again, see how generous we are with food here, and send in your check today. Make it out to me, personally.

ABE SCONDER
President & Treasurer
SCONDER'S ORPHAN HOME

A PEN-PAL TRYING HARD TO COVER UP
who is round-faced with an idiotic expression

reproportions his photo so he's thin-faced with an idiotic expression



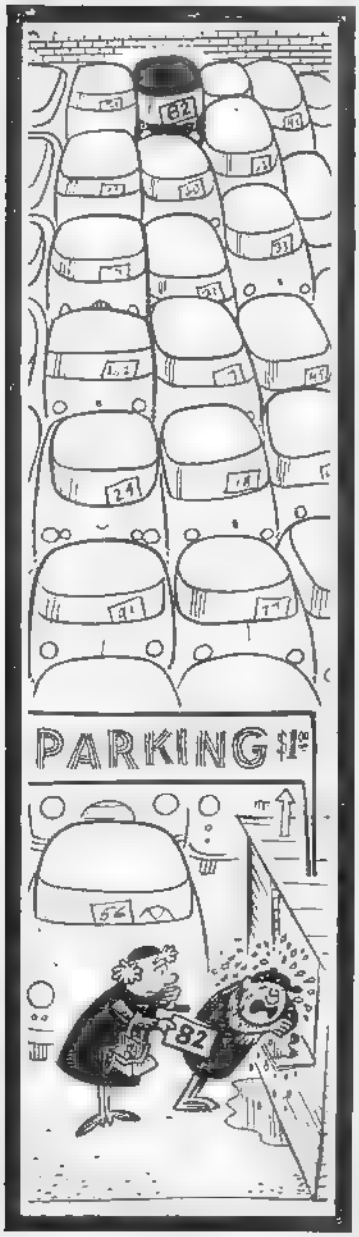
PEN

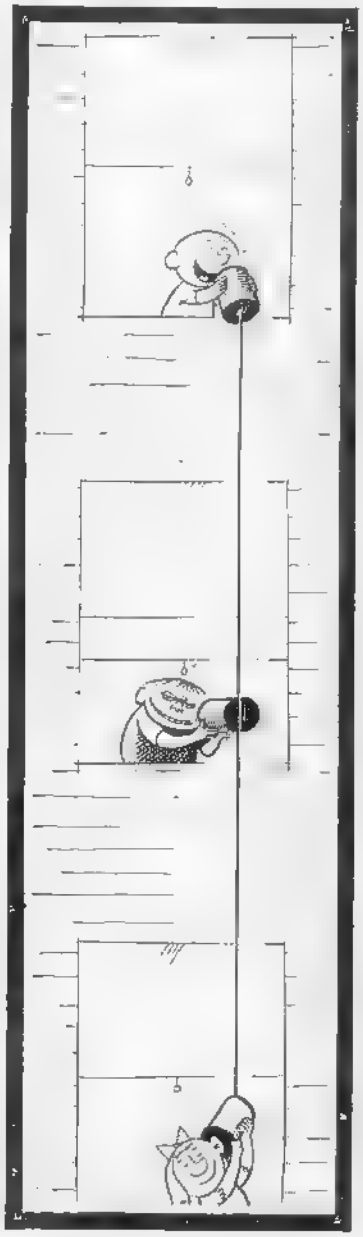
Dear Bernice
It's been great writing to you all these months. Even though we've never met, I've grown to like you very much. In fact, I consider you my best girl! I am enclosing the snapshot of me which you asked for. I'm certainly glad you told me you like lean-faced boys with delicate features, because that description fits me to a "T". Write soon
your affectionate pen-pal
Alfred

"But they said on TV that my friendly neighborhood druggist would cheerfully give me double my money back"

LANKY-PANKY DEPT.

Back in October of '58, a one-panel cartoon with a strange new shape, and an equally strange new kind of humor, began appearing daily in the pages of the *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. Today, "Tall Tales" is carried by more than 100 newspapers throughout the country. In February of this year, *Doubleday* gathered the best of them in a $1.00 edition. And now MAD offers the best of the best for your enjoyment. If you want to see more, get the book, or threaten your local newspaper. The fact that Allan Jaffee is a friend, writes for MAD, and promised plenty payola has nothing to do with our plugging:



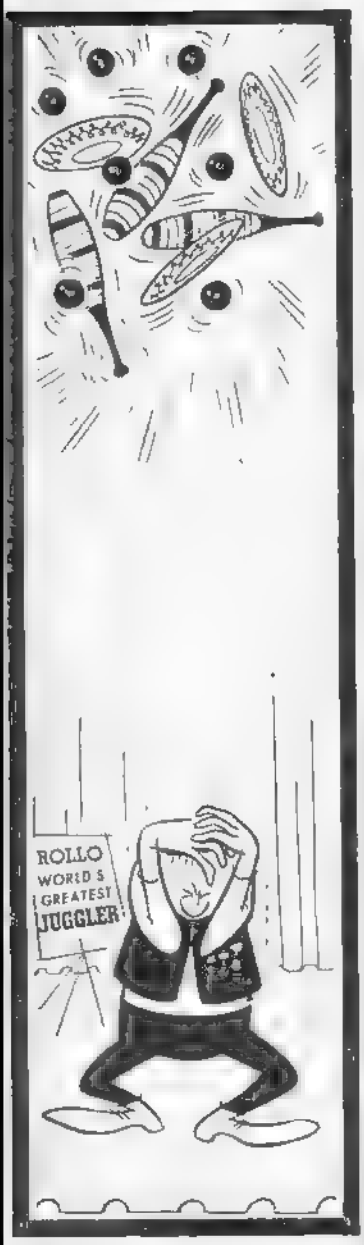


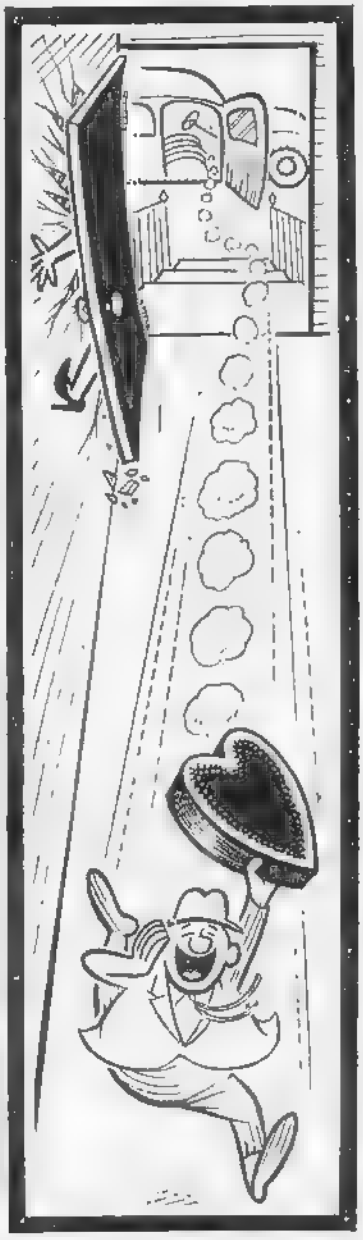
$O \times^2$

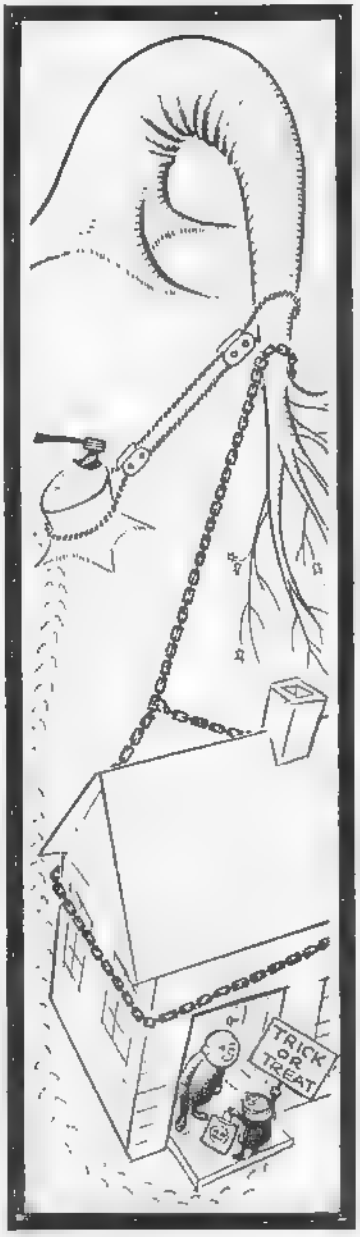
"Boy, Sam, you're a real square!"

TALL TALES

© 1960, New York Herald Tribune, Inc.
Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.







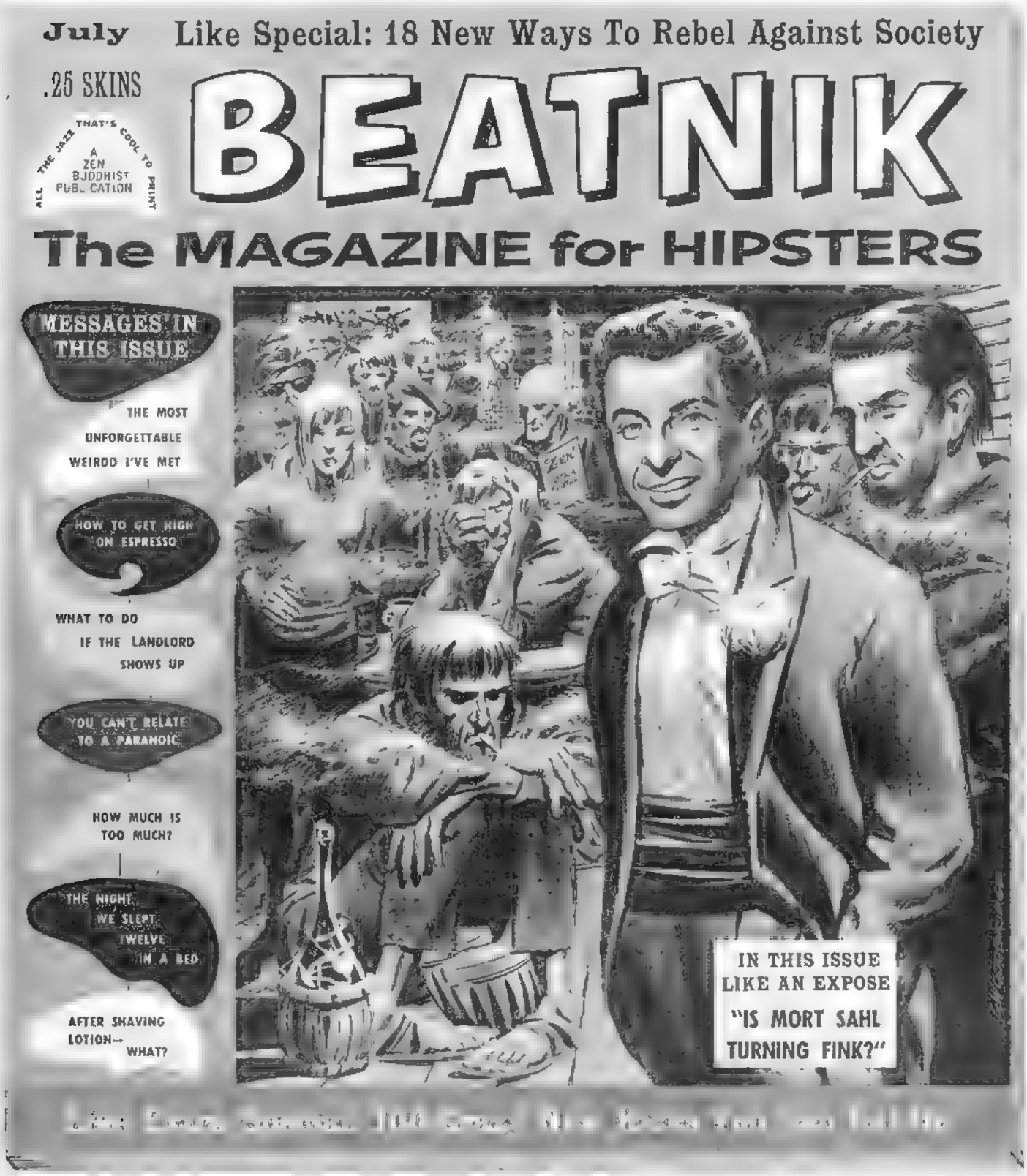
And now, for a serious note . . . about as serious as the wound a mosquito inflicts upon an elephant. For his third offering, Don Martin, MAD's maddest artist, tells about an experience that happened to him

"And this is Melvin, my yes-man."

AT A MASQUERADE

! Xo "He's pretty sure of himself, isn't he?"

There have been many magazine articles written *about* the Beat Generation in an attempt to defend the movement. Now MAD presents its version of a magazine written *by* the Beat Generation which *really* defends the movement . . . the movement to *abolish it!* See if you don't agree after reading . . .



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

Paint Smears

FOR BEATNIK BLUE JEANS
ALL COLORS
PASTE ON EASILY

*Look like a Beatnik artist
*Smell like a Beatnik artist
*Feel like a Beatnik artist
50 SMEARS—ONLY $1.98!

BEAT GIMMICKS, INC., Watta, Mass.

OVERSIZE SWEATERS

FOR BEATNIK CHICKS

Knitted from carefully-chosen cruddy-looking 100% wool yarn

Guaranteed to stretch even bigger than what we send you

ONE SIZE ONLY (TOO BIG)—$3.98
SACKS 14th STREET, N. Y. C.

LIKE DRAW ME!

Man, if you can fake this action, like you got talent . . . and we can make you into a wild beatnik artist overnight. Of course, if you want to study in the daytime, the cost will be slightly higher.

ACT TODAY!

WIN A BEATNIK ARTIST SCHOLARSHIP

SAN FRANCISCO SCHOOL FOR BEATNIK ARTISTS
Car 90, Frisco Freight Yards
San Francisco, Minnesota

Like, here's my entry. Send me all that jazz about me having talent—and winning a "partial" scholarship:

LABEL _____
PAD NUMBER _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ PLANET _____

THE INQUIRING HIPSTER

by Seymour "Psycho" Getzoff

QUESTION:
Like, how come you became a Beatnik?

WHERE ASKED:
Various coffee houses and wild parties.

SIDNEY SFORTZ,
Free-Lance Philosopher

I became a Beatnik because I hadda get out of the "rat-race", Man! I mean, I got fed up with the way things are these days . . . with everybody running around, trying to out-do everybody else. Like, a "competitive society" is a drag! You dig me? You get the message? Crazy! Because I gotta split now. I gotta cut down to the coffee shop and grab me a table, before them other hipsters get there.

GERALD ZENN,
Poet and Push-Cart Peddler

I became a Beatnik because I wanted to maintain my individuality in a world sick with conformity. I didn't want to act, think, and feel the way everybody else acts, thinks, and feels in order to be accepted. I wanted to be a person in my own right. Listen, Man! Ask any of the other beats around here! They know what I'm talking about . . . because they all act, think, and feel exactly the way I do!

KERR U. ACK,
Part-Time Intellectual

I joined the movement because I wanted culture. Not the commercial Madison Avenue kind of culture. Not the trite Bourgeois kind of culture. I wanted real culture. I was always on the intellectual kick, and I knew that this was the scene for me. So like, now, every night, there's beer, and chicks, and wild parties...and I tell you, Dad, this culture is the end!

WANDA KUHL,
Full-Time Emotionalist

I used to sit around at home nights, with nothing to do and nowhere to go. I was vegetating, that's all! Vegetating! It was getting on my nerves. I wanted adventure! I wanted action! I wanted thrills and kicks and excitement! So I became a Beatnik. Now, every night, I go out to some coffee shop, and I sit around, and I listen to jazz records, or poetry. I mean, I'm leading a real wild life now!

MELVIN COWZNOFSKI,
Metaphysician and Waiter

Like, I became a Beatnik because I don't dig money. Money is a drag. It's nowhere. Money is the root of all evil. Money corrupts the incorruptible, and causes more misery in the world than all diseases. Man, like money stinks! That's why I became a Beatnik. And now that I've answered your question, Pops, hows about helping me out with fifty cents for a cup of espresso?

SAL VAN CLUTZ III,
Hanger-On and Part-Time Fink

Man, once I was a real "square". I mean once I was a real cornball. I lived with my folks in this 17-room house in Connecticut, with my own car, servants, flashy wardrobe and plenty of loot. And then, one day, I decided I had to find something meaningful in life. So I moved into a dingy cold-water walk-up pad in Greenwich Village, and I grew a beard, and I became a Beatnik. And suddenly, everything became crystal-clear. Suddenly, I realized what I had been searching for. But, like, it was too late to go back home!

Man, like we'd seen plenty of wild kicks in our time, but this one was the end...

Prize-Winning Beatnik Confession Story

The Night "Wild Harry" Flipped His Lid

By Irving Neudnik
author of
"Zen Buddhism and All That Jazz"
"The Story Behind My Shock Treatments"
and other cool tomes

We knew Harry was heading for Doomsville right after he blew back into town from Frisco. Like it wasn't the "Wild Harry" we all knew back in the old days. The "Wild Harry" who would run through the streets at four in the morning, yelling "Chloe!" at the top of his voice. The "Wild Harry" who could swing from chandeliers at parties. The "Wild Harry" who once "fixed" a Russian Roulette game; who once hitchhiked to Chicago in the nude, who once went berserk in a subway; the old "Wild Harry" we all had grown to love and respect.

The first sign that Harry was cracking up came last week, when he stamped out of our coffee shop screaming, "I hate espresso!" We thought nothing of it, then. We figured it was just another of Harry's wild kicks, and we all grooved it. But later that same night, when he said, "Let's all take a walk down Madison Avenue!", we suddenly saw the handwriting on the wall.

After that, he got much worse. The next day, one of the cats waltzed in and told us he got a line that Harry was seen at a *baseball game*. That same night, Harry came around with his *beard shaved off*. And when the word got out that Harry was seen at a party, drinking beer *out of a glass;* when he was spotted walking with a *chick from the Bronx;* when he didn't bat an eyelash after somebody mentioned "Kerouac", we all knew for certain . . .

Harry was turning into a "square"!

But we thought there still might be a chance to save him. So, last night, we cut over to his pad in the wild hope of straightening this poor sick cat out. And that was when we gave up on "Wild Harry"! Because no sooner had we opened the door, then we dug the most terrifying bit of all.

There was "Wild Harry" . . . *taking a BATH!*

Man, like then we knew! As a Beatnik. "Wild Harry" was *all washed up!*

RENT A "SQUARE" FOR YOUR NEXT Beatnik Party

I COME COMPLETE WITH:

- **White-on-white Shirt**
- **Polka Dot Bow Tie**
- **Blue Serge Suit**
- **Saddle Shoes**

AND A GIRL FROM THE BRONX

ADD A NEW

WILD KICK TO YOUR EVENING

"SQUARE" SOL

AND HIS STIFF DOLL

QU-2-5577

PERSONALS

AT LIBERTY
Poet—Artist—Philosopher—Metaphysician seeks job cleaning windows. Write Box 76

TWO CONGENIAL Beatnik Psychotics seek third to share padded apartment. Own closet and bongo drums. Like we mean you supply 'em yourself. Box 81

BIG AL—Like make it back to the pad All is cool. We still dig you. MOTHER

I am no longer responsible for any loot owed by my chick. She left my pad and like bored. "Hard Luck" Milton, Bench 3, Central Park.

MOTHER—Like I can't make the scene. I'm hung up in this crazy hotel in Lexington, Kentucky. BIG AL

ANYONE HAVING INFORMATION as to the whereabouts of Charlie "Hip" Grammis—like keep it down, hear! The fuzz is on his tail. A FRIEND

DEAR DADDY-O Advice to the Love-Bugged

If any of you cats or chicks are hung up or put down by some love problem, clue me in on the deal, and I'll hip you on how to come on swinging again. Just send your blues note to "Daddy-O", Beatnik Magazine, Table No. 5, Psycho Coffee Shop, Greenwich Village, New York

Dear Daddy-O,
This chick left my pad over four years ago on the pretext of going out to buy some pretzels for the beer, and she never came back. Like what should I do?
Still Wailing

Like finish the beer yourself, Man! It just don't make it when it's warm!

Dear Daddy-O,
I got big eyes for this chick, see. But like she's 86 years old, and I'm only 22. Clue me in, Daddy-O. Should I marry the broad?
Rattled

Why not? But make sure first that it's not just a physical attraction you feel, Man!

Dear Daddy-O,
My chick is a masochist, and I am a sadist. Everything was cool in our relationship until last week, when she pleaded with me to beat her, and I said "No!" What's happening?
Torturer

You're winning, Man!

Dear Daddy-O,
What does a Beatnik like me, who is interested in more intellectual pursuits, do with a beautiful blonde chick who wants to kiss you and hug you and love you all the time? Like what do I do?
Gassed

Like you send me her phone number, that's what you do!

Dear Daddy-O,
I'm at my wit's end. You see, I'm madly in love with this big ape, and all he does is treat me rotten. I guess it's my own fault for falling in love with him, but I couldn't help it. I was terribly lonely, and I needed a relationship badly. Any relationship! So the minute I saw him, I fell. My problem is: I want him to move downtown to my pad, and he wants to stay where he is in his cage at the zoo? What should I do?
Kookie Annie

Forget him! He sounds like a real "square"!

Dear Daddy-O,
I started going with this Beatnik artist a few weeks ago, and now he wants to paint me in the nude. What do you think?
Shy Selma

Until you get to know each other better, I think he should at least wear a bathrobe when he paints you!

Dear Daddy-O,
I'm a real square, and I'm miserable. I want to be Beat, but I don't know how to go about it. Can you help me? Tell me the quickest way to be Beat.
Square Jack

The quickest way to be Beat is to pick on somebody much bigger than you!

Dear Daddy-O,
I'm crazy about this chick who digs Lawrence Welk and cowboy pictures and Vogue Magazine. Like what do I say to her?
Hung-up

You say to her like "Goodbye!"

Dear Daddy-O,
I'm going with this crazy-looking chick, but she keeps bugging me with all her wild bits. Like last night she locked me in this Pizza Pie oven, and turned it on. How do you relate to action like that, hah, Man?
Steamed Up

Just keep cool, hear!

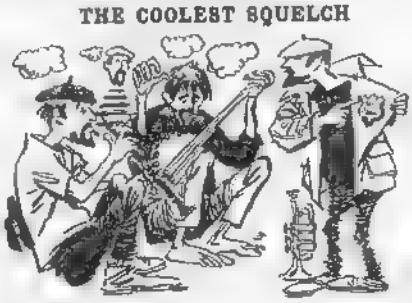
Dear Daddy-O,
The chick I'm married to is the most, but like sometimes she's a little too much. For instance, every night she insists upon going to bed wearing her sweater, black stockings, blue jeans and purple beret. She says it's wild, and I say it's real cornball. Who's right?
Hassled

Like *she's* the square, Man! No one cool wears a beret with jeans!

Dear Daddy-O,
All of the hipsters always break up when I make the scene. They keep laughing at me, and I don't know why. Enclosed is a snapshot of me with some of my beat friends. I'm the one in the middle with the beard. Can you clue me in on what's so funny about me?
Puzzled

It beats me too. I just can't figure it. Like I think you're a pretty cool-looking chick.

THE COOLEST SQUELCH



Like one day, the police were tipped that the members of a certain jazz combo were taking dope while playing. So they assigned a young undercover man, disguised as a hip trumpet player, to sit in with them, and gather evidence. Right in the middle of the first set, the undercover man saw a sideman passing the junk. But he played along to make sure, so he could nail every cat involved.

Long about closing, when everybody was feeling woozy, the undercover man leaped to his feet and announced, "I'm a police officer! You're all under arrest!"

To which the drummer looked at him glassy-eyed, and said, "Man, you are really high!"

WILD NEW BEARD STYLES

by SAM OSSZEFOGVA, Fashion Editor

A couple of years ago, a beard was a "must" for a real Beatnik. These days, unfortunately, many "squares" are wearing beards. It's getting so bad, you can hardly tell the difference between them and us. So we Beatniks have got to do something about it. We've got to make our beards more distinctive. We've got to adopt wilder-looking beard styles, so we can continue to stand out as the anti-social, sensationalist clods that we are. Here, then, are BEATNIK Magazine's suggestions for new beard styles:

SINGLE HAIR BEARD

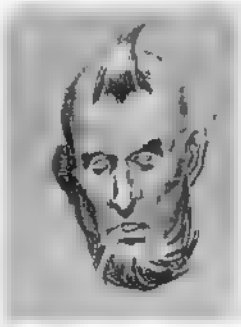
Just the thing for those who only want to "suggest" a beard. Allow it to grow real full, and then clip off all the hairs but one.

FULL FACE BEARD

Ideal for the Beatnik who wants to remain anonymous. Effect is achieved by letting beard grow long, and combing it up over the face.

SIDEBURN BEARD

Simply let your sideburns grow until they're so long they hang beautifully down to your chest. Ideal for the arty-type of Beatnik.



UPSIDE DOWN BEARD

A startling new effect is achieved by growing heavy beard to resemble head of hair, and shaving head of hair to resemble a goatee.

ONE SIDED BEARD

A gay new gimmick in beard styles, designed for those Beatniks who have been unable to decide whether or not to grow a crazy beard.

FAR OUT BEARD

Full appreciation of this new beard style comes when onlookers realize that its owner has accomplished an impossible task for a girl.

INITIALED BEARD

The best new style suggestion of all is the "Personalized Beard"... just the thing for the Beatnik who wants to maintain his own "individuality."

A Glossary Of Square Terms

Man, there's a big hassle going on now that the uptown tourists have moved in to rubberneck us cats. Like ever since they started making our cool scene, it's gotten harder and harder to tell the "squares" from the Beatniks. Mainly because the "squares" seem to be using "hip talk" words and phrases, too. But don't be fooled! These words and phrases aren't "hip talk" at all! They mean something completely different. So if you ever get hung up with some of these aliens, and you want to dig just what it is they are saying, here's a glossary of their jargon.

AX—The horn a square woodchopper swings with.
BLUES—Like colors, mostly on square suits.
BREAD—What you scoff on a feed-bag kick.
BUG—That nowhere creature that crawls in your pad.
CAT—That beast who's got nine chances for kicks.
CHARGED-UP—When they stack the loot on your tab.
CHICK—That crazy stud that comes on from an egg.
CHOPS—A kind of nibble you scoff with "Bread".
COOL IT—When you stash some action in the refrigerator.
CRAZY—When a square is like too far out to come back.
DADDY—The tag a square pegs his old man with.
FUZZ—What squares wash out of their belly-buttons.
GEORGE—The real tag on some squares.
HIP—Where all the action is during a square Cha-Cha.
HUNG-UP—Like when you stash your rags.
KICK—Like when you're hung up, and put up a beef.
LEFT FIELD—A part of the scene in some square game.
LICK—An action when you're scoffing with your chops.
LIKE—When you got big eyes for some cat or bit.
PAD—The action you write on.
POPS—The bits that Good Humor cat pushes.
PUSHER—A cat who leans on you with his mitts.
SCENE—The action in a square play
SCOFF—Like when you put down some cat or bit.
SCORE—What the deal is when squares compete.
SPLIT—Like when two squares get unhitched.
SWING—What small studs in parks get their kicks on.
THE END—Like the finish of a square bit.
WAY OUT—The route when you split from the scene.
YOGI—The tag on some square cornball idol.

ABSOLUTELY NO ADMISSION CHARGE
(But it costs you $2.00 to get out!)
THEATER NORTHWEST
(JUST 15 BLOCKS SOUTHWEST OF "THEATRE NORTHEAST")
GREENWICH VILLAGE'S NEW
OFF-BROADWAY SHOWCASE
(Formerly a telephone booth)
NOW SHOWING
EUGENE O. NEAL'S
"Desire Under The Arms"
AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT CAST EVERY NIGHT
(Depending on which actors show up sober)
CLOSING FRIDAY NIGHT IT'S CURTAINS AT 11:30
THEATRE SEATS 12 RESERVE EARLY

The Beat Beat

Goings-On Around The Scene

BY EARL E. BYRD

WHO'S MAKING IT WITH WHO . . . **Myrna Loyola** and **Dennis Finster** holding hands under the chess table at The Way-Out Espresso Shop...gin rummy hands, that is...**Lance Sturdley** and **Selma Klotz** a twosome in a doorway on The Bowery . . . **John Miltown** relating well to **Audrey Blech** on a bench in Central Park . . . before being mugged.

* * *

LIKE WHAT'S HAPPENING . . . **Ernie "The Psycho Kid" Highbutt** planning to commit suicide again next summer . . . **Max Nodiffrance** threw a wild party down his cellar last Monday . . . the wild party was named **Felix Twinge**...A stork for the **Melvin Cowznofskis** last weekend . . . not a baby, just a stork . . . **Tony Globb** writing a new volume of Beat Poetry . . . with his feet . . . **Sally Mudge** painted a mural on the side of a Mack truck . . . while it was in motion . . . **Sol Plotzi** carving a bust of **Jack Kerouac** out of a 3-ton block of Halavah . . . **Augie Van Dam** composing a symphony without any sound . . . just various shadings of silence . . . **Sammy Whackoe** flew to Frisco last week . . . swears he'll take a plane next time . . . **Herman Grunch** planning poetry readings at the all-night Automat . . . **Randolph Slatztzt** evicted from his pad for falling behind in his boozing . . . now living atop the Washington Square Arch . . . **Zelda Slofkis** exhibited her latest painting technique . . . she roller-skates across her palette and onto a blank canvas.

* * *

WHAT THEY ARE SOUNDING...**Fenwick Creeppe,** while banging his head against an Eighth Street parking meter: *"Man, I put down all the squares as sick, sick, sick!"* . . . **Quaz E. Moto,** to a Taxi driver who told him a bridge was washed out: *"Fake it, Pops! Fake it!"* . . . **Kermit Koones,** seeing the tightrope walker fall to his death at the circus: *"Like that's show biz!"* . . . **Sol "Schizo" Snerd,** at the Village Dump Coffee Shop: *"My analyst just doesn't understand me!"* . . . **Ted Slumpf,** while sweating out a cold turkey treatment at the City Jail: *"Arrrgh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h!"*

* * *

NOBODY CLUED ME, BUT . . . Cats who wear heavy woolen sweaters over their black leather jackets are odds-on to sweat . . . Chicks who make it in purple jeans are usually named *"Shirley"*...It's all over if your chick starts reminiscing about her old boyfriend from the **Bronx** . . . For some strange reason, I'm suspicious of squares who come downtown to the Village carrying **switch-blade knives** . . . It's all over between you if your broad runs off to the **Belgian Congo,** makes it with the natives, and doesn't even send you a card . . . If I'm sixth in a game of **Russian roulette,** and it comes my turn, you can count me out!

* * *

The KICK of the Month

Each month, we offer a thermos of espresso to the hipster who sends in the most original idea for a crazy new kick. This month's new kick comes from Bernard G. Zitzlaffbath.

This kick is a wild bit you can pull on that cat who's always looking for a party to go to, and who keeps bugging you to clue him in on where the action is.

If you really want to hang this creep up, tell him there's a real wild party at a certain pad, and give him the address. But before you do, have your buddy at the pad stick a note outside his door, saying the party has been moved to a new address. Then, when the cat gets to the new address, like he finds another note telling him the party's been moved to still another address. All you gotta do is clue your friends to leave these messages on their doors. So now you got this crazy cat running all over the city, looking for this wild party. The last note he hits gives him the address of your pad again. So like it's around six in the morning when he comes staggering to your door. All you do is open it, and you greet him cooly with:

"Man, how come you're so late? You just missed the wildest party of the year!"

LIKE ETIQUETTE

The Cool Thing

by Thelonius Monkey

Man, like it's THE COOL THING in beat circles to never get excited and flip your lid, no matter what happens!

This month's contribution sent in by Felix Fleagle, brother of the late Constantine Fleagle, beloved Philosopher, Poet, and part-time Co-Existence Bagel-Baker, who lost his life in the Barefoot Espresso Shop fire two weeks ago.

What's WRONG With This Picture?

ANSWER: Man, everything is wrong with this picture!!

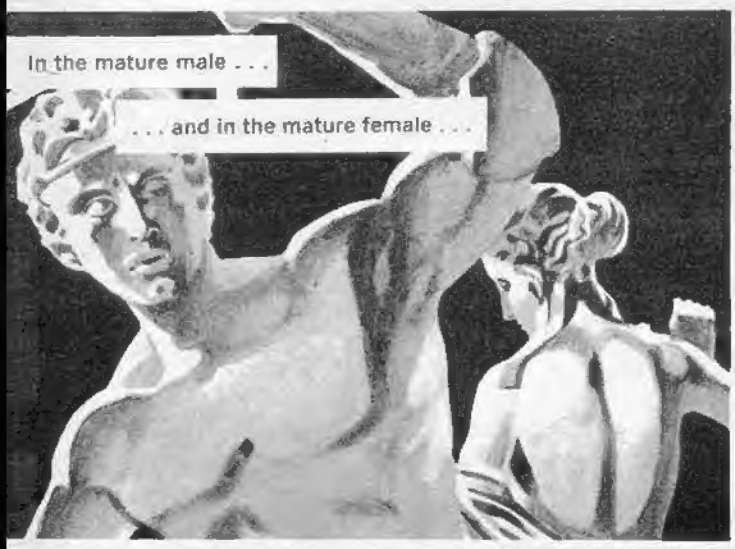
TV ADS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

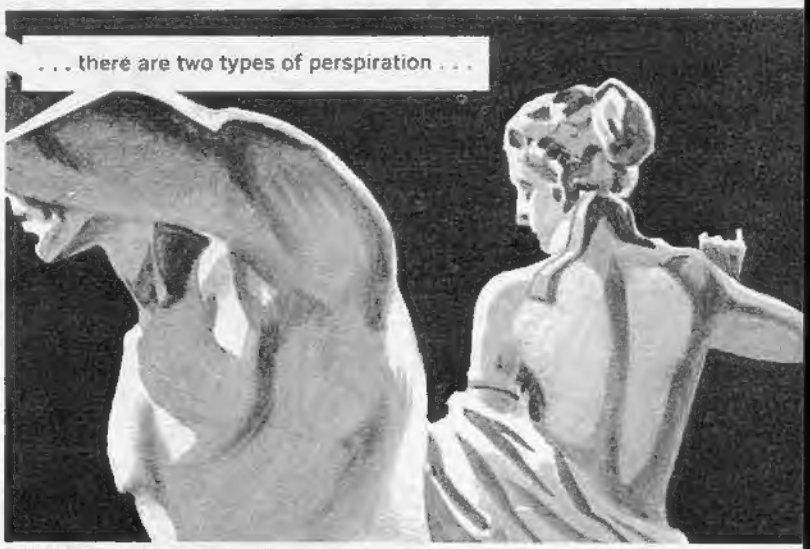
TELEVISION DEPT.

ox

"I love these old Nelson Eddy-Jeanette MacDonald movies, don't you . . . ?"

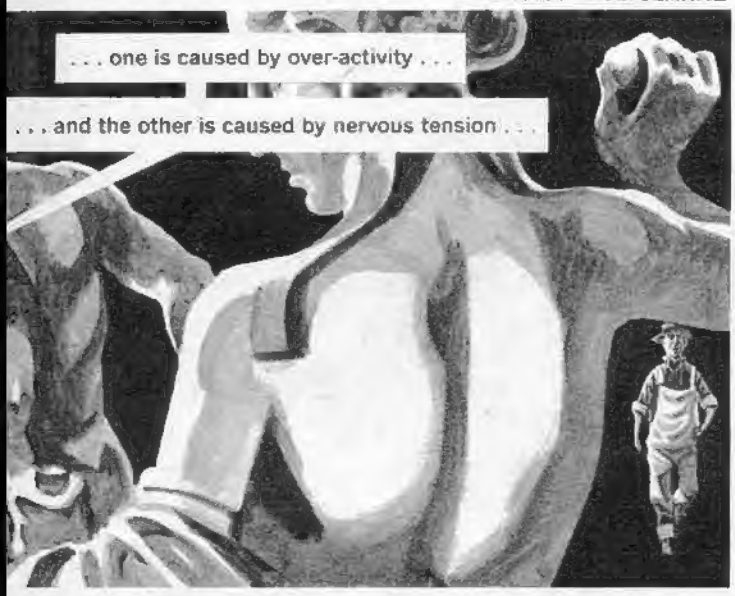
THE BANN ROLL-ON COMMERCIAL





ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

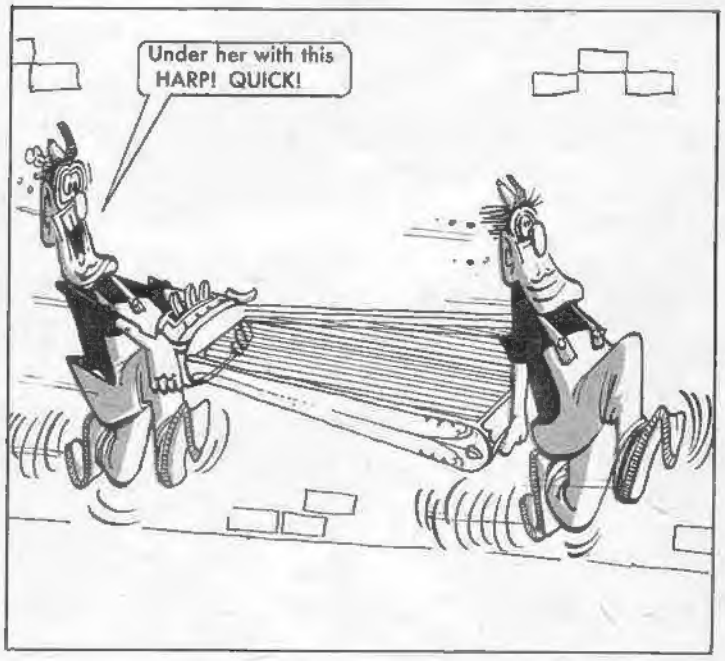


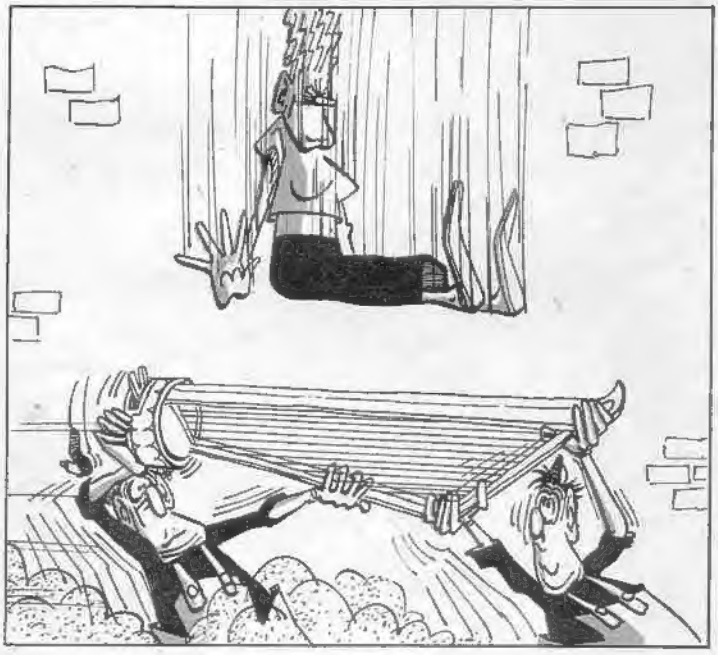
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART IV

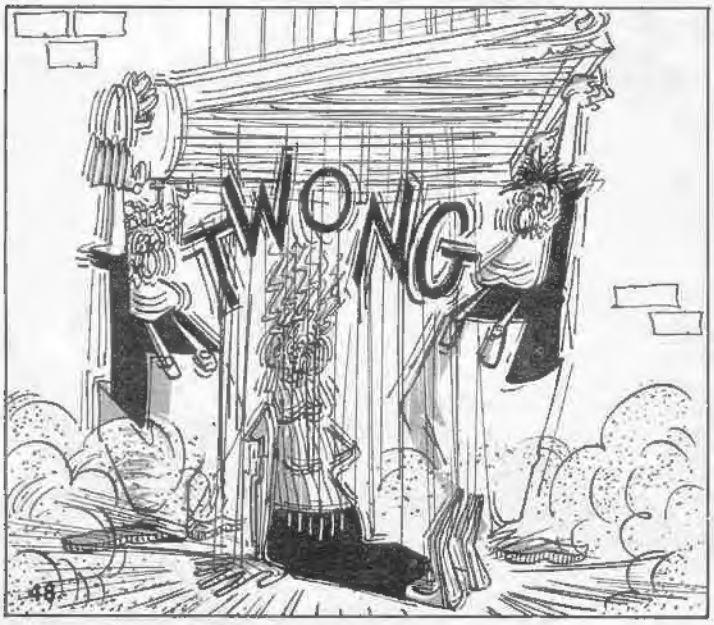
For his parting shot, Don Martin tells about the time he used quick thinking to save somebody's life while working with

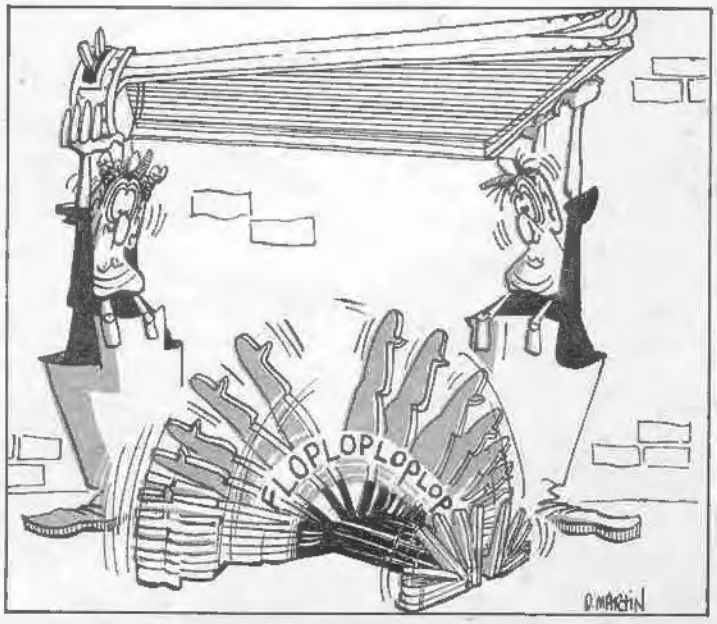
THE MOVING MEN

"That paperhanger with the little black moustache looks very familiar!"









HAVE YOURSELF A POLITICAL PARTY

With An "ALFRED E. NEUMAN FOR PRESIDENT" Kit

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET:

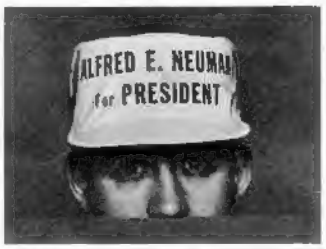
A 2½" FULL-COLOR

CAMPAIGN BUTTON

. . . to clip on your clothes, and earn yourself a clip on your jaw.

A RED-AND-WHITE

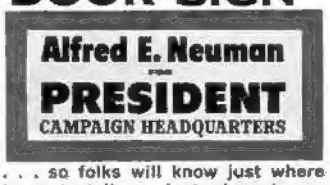
CAMPAIGN CAP



. . . to absorb the blows that may be rained down on your thick head.

A CAMPAIGN H.Q.

DOOR SIGN



. . . so folks will know just where to go to tell you just where to go.

A 17" x 22" 2-COLOR

CAMPAIGN POSTER

. . . just the thing for nailing up, and getting nailed in the process.

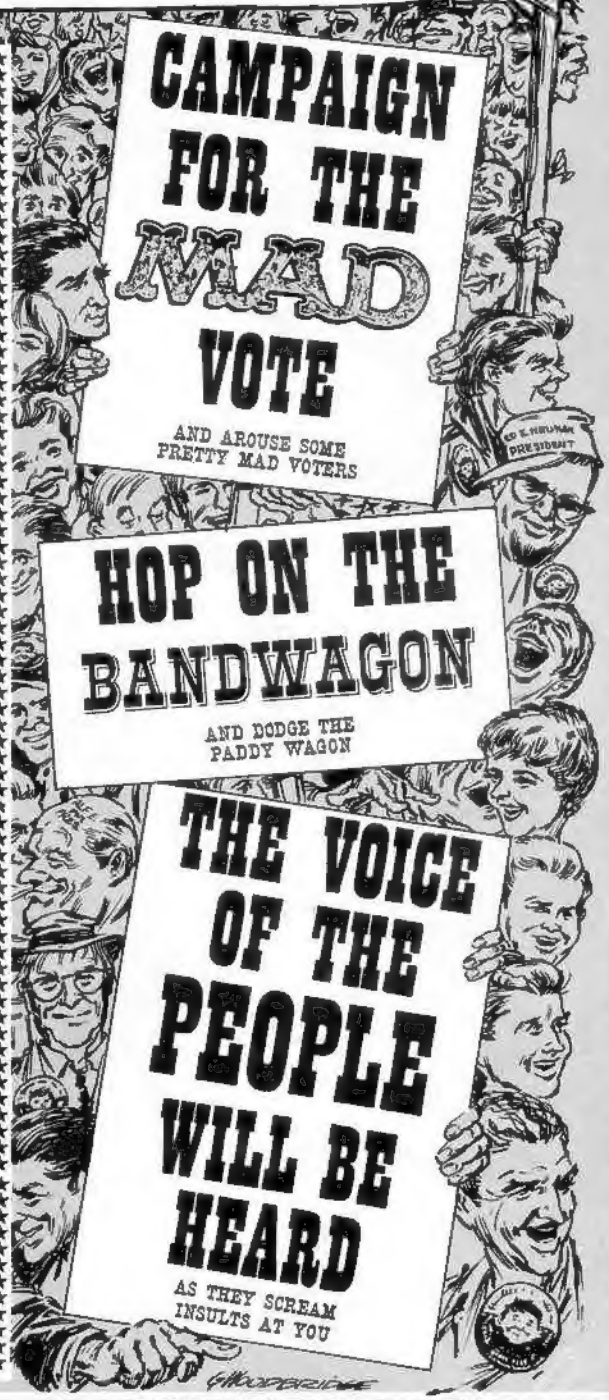
A 2-COLOR "DAY-GLO"

BUMPER STICKER

. . . self-adhesive for sticking on while being stuck in heavy traffic.

AND ALL FOR ONLY

$1.00!



use coupon or duplicate

MAD CAMPAIGN KIT
225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, N.Y.

I enclose $1.00. Please send me an "Alfred E. Neuman for President" kit. People all over are talking about the idea of running Alfred (Mainly, what a stupid idea it is!), and I want to prove that they're absolutely right!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

NO. OF KITS AT $1.00 EACH: _____ AMOUNT ENCLOSED: _____

Good things begin to happen

when you find one of 'em in your soup

(mainly, you got a chance to beat the check!)

Weekly allowance running short? Just reach for a can of Sham-bugs. It takes only a few short minutes to solve your embarrassing financial predicament.

Yes, good things begin to happen when you float a "Sham-bug" in your school lunch soup, mainly because it gives you the chance to blow your top, and stalk out without paying the check.

Good things for Daddy, too—because those high-priced fancy restaurants he dines in are particularly susceptible to this sure-fire old gag.

There are many kinds of Sham-bugs to choose from. Also steel slivers, hairs, and broken glass if you're squeamish.

Hey . . . have *you* beaten a check today?

Once a day . . . you don't pay . . . with *Sham-bug's*